J. van. Du Guernier inv. et fcalp.

ULYSSES.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Stultorum Regum & Populorum continet æstus----
Rursus quid Virtus, & quid Sapientia possit
Utile proposuit Nobis exemplar Ulyssem.
Horat. Epist. Lib. 1. Epist. 2.

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1607/5436

To the Right Honourable

Sidney Lord *Godolphin*,

Lord High-Treaſurer of England, *and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

My Lord,

IF thoſe Cares in which the Service of a Great Queen, and the Love of Your Country, have ſo juſtly engag'd Your Lordſhip, would allow any Leiſure to run back and remember thoſe Arts and Studies, which were once the Grace and Entertainment of Your Lordſhip's Youth; I have Preſumption enough to hope, that this Tragedy may, ſome Time or other, find an Hour to divert Your Lordſhip. Poetry, which was ſo venerable to former Ages, as in many Places to make a Part of their Religious Worſhip, and every where to be had in

the higheſt Honour and Eſteem, has miſerably languiſh'd and been deſpis'd, for want of that Favour and Protection which it found in the famous *Auguſtan* Age. Since then, it may be aſſerted without any Partiality to the preſent Time, it never had a fairer Proſpect of lifting up its Head, and returning to its former Reputation, than now: And the beſt Reaſon can be given for it, is, that it ſeems to have a particular Hope from, and Dependence upon, Your Lordſhip; and to expect all juſt Encouragement, when thoſe Great Men, who have the Power to protect it, have ſo delicate and polite a Taſte and Underſtanding of its true Value. The Reſtoring and Preſerving any Part of Learning, is ſo generous an Action in it ſelf, that it naturally falls into Your Lordſhip's Province, ſince every Thing that may ſerve to improve the Mind, has a Right to the Patronage of ſo great and univerſal a Genius for Knowledge as Your Lordſhip's. It is indeed a Piece of good Fortune, upon which I cannot help congratulating the preſent Age, that there is ſo Great a Man, at a Time, when there is ſo great an Occaſion for him. The Diviſions which Your Lordſhip has heal'd, the Temper which You have reſtor'd to our Councils, and that indefatigable Care and Diligence which You have us'd in preſerving our Peace at Home, are Benefits ſo virtuouſly and ſo ſeaſonably conferr'd upon Your Country, as ſhall draw the Praiſes of all wiſe Men, and the Bleſſings of all good Men upon Your Lordſhip's Name. And when thoſe unreaſonable Feuds and Animoſities, which keep Faction alive, ſhall be bury'd in ſilence and forgotten, that great publick Good ſhall be univerſally acknowledg'd,

as

as the happy Effect of Your Lordſhip's moſt equal Temper and right Underſtanding. That this Glorious End may very ſuddenly ſucceed to your Lordſhip's Candor and generous Endeavours after it, muſt be the Wiſh of every good *Engliſhman.* I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

TO Night, *in Honour of the marry'd Life,*
Our Author treats you with a Virtuous Wife;
A Lady, who, for Twenty Years, withſtood
The preſſing Inſtances of Fleſh and Blood:
Her Husband, ſtill a Man of Senſe reputed,
(Unleſs this Tale his Wiſdom have confuted,)
Left her at ripe Eighteen, to ſeek Renown,
And Battle for a Harlot at Troy *Town;*
To fill his Place, freſh Lovers came in Shoals,
Much ſuch as now-a-Days are Cupid's *Tools,*
Some Men of Wit, but the moſt part were Fools.
They ſent her Billets doux, *and Preſents many,*
Of ancient Tea and Thericlean *China;*
Rail'd at the Gods, toaſted her o'er and o'er,
Dreſs'd at Her, danc'd, and fought, and ſigh'd, and ſwore;
In ſhort, did all that Men could do to have her,
And damn'd themſelves to get into her Favour;
But all in vain: the Virtuous Dame ſtood Buff,
And let 'em know that ſhe was Coxcomb Proof.
Meſſieurs *the* Beaux, *what think you of the Matter!*
Don't you believe old Homer *given to Flatter?*

When

PROLOGUE.

When you approach, and preſſing the ſoft Hand,
Favours, with well-bred Impudence, demand,
Is it in Woman's Weakneſs to withſtand?
Ceaſe to be vain, and give the Sex their Due;
Our Engliſh *Wives ſhall prove this Story true:*
We have our chaſte Penelope's, *who mourn*
Their Widow'd Beds, and wait their Lords Return;
We have our Heroes too, who bravely bear,
Far from their Home the Dangers of the War;
Who careleſs of the Winter Seaſon's Rage,
New Toils explore, and in new Cares engage;
From Realm to Realm their Chief unweary'd goes,
And reſtleſs journies on, to give the World Repoſe.
Such are the conſtant Labours of the Sun,
Whoſe active, glorious Courſe is never done;
And tho', when hence he parts, with us 'tis Night,
Still he goes on, and lends to other Worlds his Light.
Ye beauteous Nymphs, with open Arms prepare
To meet the Warriors, and reward their Care;
May you for ever kind and faithful prove,
And pay their Days of Toil with Nights of Love.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

JUST going to take Water, at the Stairs
I ſtopp'd, and came again to beg your Pray'rs;
You ſee how ill my Love has been repaid,
That I am like to live and die a Maid;
Poetick Rules and Juſtice to maintain,
I to the Woods am order'd back again,
To Madam Cinthia, *and her Virgin Train.*
'Tis an uncomfortable Life they lead;
Inſtead of Quilts and Down, the Silvan Bed
With Skins of Beaſts, with Leaves and Moſs is ſpread;
No Morning Toilets do their Chambers grace,
Where famous Pearl Coſmeticks *find a Place,*
With Powder for the Teeth, and Plaiſter for the Face.
But in Defiance of Complexion, they,
Like arrant Houſwives, riſe by Break of Day,
Cut a brown Cruſt, ſaddle their Nags, and Mounting,
In ſcorn of the green-Sickneſs ride a Hunting:
Your Sal, *and Harts-horn Drops, they deal not in;*
They have no Vapours, nor no witty Spleen.
No Coffee to be had; and I am told,
As to the Tea, they drink, 'tis moſtly cold.

For

EPILOGUE.

For Converſation, nothing can be worſe,
'Tis all amongſt themſelves, and that's the Curſe:
One Topick there, as here, does ſeldom fail,
We Women rarely want a Theme to rail;
But bating that one Pleaſure of Backbiting,
There is no earthly Thing they can delight in.
There are no Indian *Houſes, to drop in*
And fancy Stuffs, and chuſe a prety Screen,
To while away an Hour or ſo——— I ſwear
Theſe Cups are pretty, but they're deadly dear:
And if ſome unexpected Friend appear,
The Devil!---- Who cou'd have thought to meet you [here?

We ſhould but very badly entertain
You that delight in Toaſting and Champaign;
But keep your tender Perſons ſafe at home,
We know you hate hard Riding: But if ſome
Tough, honeſt, Country Fox-Hunter would come,
Viſit our Goddeſs, and her Maiden Court,
'Tis Ten to One but we may ſhew him Sport.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Ulyſſes, King of *Ithaca*, conceal'd for ſome Time under the Name of *Æthon*. — Mr. *Betterton*.

Eurymachus, King of *Samos*. — Mr. *Verbruggen*.

Polydamas, *Thoon*, *Agenor*, *Ephialtes*, Neighbouring Princes, Pretenders to the Queen. — Mr. *Mynns*. Mr. *Knap*. Mr. *Weller*. Mr. *Freeman*.

Telemachus, Son to *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*. — Mr. *Booth*.

Antinous, a Nobleman of *Ithaca*, ſecretly in Love with the Queen. — Mr. *Husbands*.

Cleon, *Arcas*, Friends to *Antinous*. — Mr. *Dickins*. Mr. *Cory*.

Mentor, Tutor to *Telemachus*. — Mr. *Bowman*.

Eumæus, an old Servant, and faithful to *Ulyſſes*.

Ceraunus, a *Samian* Officer belonging to *Eurymachus*.

WOMEN.

Penelope, Queen of *Ithaca*. — Mrs. *Barry*.

Samanthe, Daughter to *Eurymachus*. — Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Several Samian *and* Ithacan *Officers and Soldiers, with other Attendants, Men and Women.*

SCENE *ITHACA*.

ULY-

ULYSSES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace.*

Enter Telemachus *and* Mentor.

Tel. O *Menter*! Urge no more my Royal Birth.
Urge not the Honours of my Race Divine,
Call not to my Remembrance what I am,
Born of *Ulyſſes*, and deriv'd from *Jove*;
For 'tis the Curſe of mighty Minds oppreſt,
To think what their State is, and what it ſhou'd be:
Impatient of their Lot they reaſon fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Men. And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
And Wiſdom early planted in thy Soul,
That thou might'ſt know to rule thy fiery Paſſions,
To bind their Rage, and ſtay their headlong Courſe;

To

To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change
Of various Life, to ſtruggle with Adverſity,
To wait the Leiſure of the Righteous Gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once,
A long and ſhining Train; 'till thou well pleas'd
Shalt bow, and bleſs thy Fate, and own the Gods are juſt.

Tel. Thou prudent Guide and Father of my Youth,
Forgive my Tranſports, if I ſeem to loſe
The Rev'rence to thy Sacred Precepts due,
'Tis a juſt Rage and honeſt Indignation.
Ten Years ran round e're *Troy* was doom'd to fall,
Ten tedious Summers and ten Winters more
By turns have chang'd the Seaſons ſince it fell,
And yet we mourn my Godlike Father's Abſence,
As if the *Grecian* Arms had ne'er prevail'd,
But *Jove* and *Hector* ſtill maintain'd the War.

Men. Tho' abſent, yet if Oracles are true,
He lives and ſhall return——Where-e'er he wanders,
Purſu'd by hoſtile *Trojan* Gods, in Peril
Of the waſte Deſart or the foamy Deep,
Or Nations wild as both, yet Courage, Wiſdom,
And *Pallas*, Guardian of his Arms, is with him.

Tel. And oh! to what does the God's Care reſerve him
Where is the Triumph ſhall go forth to meet him?
What *Pæan* ſhall be ſung to bleſs his Labours:
What Voice of Joy ſhall cry, Hail King of *Ithaca*?
Riot, and Wrong, and woful Deſolation,
Spread o'er the wretched Land, ſhall blaſt his Eyes,
And make him curſe the Day of his Return.

Men. Your Gueſt, the Stranger *Æthon*.

Enter Æthon.

Tel. By my Life,

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And

And by the great *Ulyſſes*, truly welcome;
Oh thou moſt worthy *Æthon*, thou that wert
In Youth Companion of my Father's Arms,
And Partner of his Heart; does it not grieve Thee
To ſee the Honour of his Royal Name
Deſpis'd and ſet at nought? his State o'er-run,
Devour'd and parcell'd out by Slaves ſo vile,
That if oppos'd to him 'twou'd make Compariſon
Abſurd and monſtrous ſeem, as if to mate
A Mole-Hill with *Olympus*?

Æth. He was my Friend,
I think I knew him: And to do him right,
He was a Man indeed——Not as theſe are,
A Rioter, or Doer of foul Wrongs;
But boldly juſt, and more like what Man ſhou'd be.

Tel. From Morn 'till Noon, from Noon 'till the Shades darken,
From Evening 'till the Morning dawns again,
Lewdneſs, Confuſion, Inſolence, and Uproar,
Are all the Buſ'neſs of their guilty Hours;
The Cries of Maids enforc'd, the Roar of Drunkards,
Mixt with the braying of the Minſtrel's Noiſe
Who miniſters to Mirth, ring thro' the Palace,
And eccho to the Arch of Heav'n their Crimes.
Behold! ye Gods, who judge betwixt your Creatures,
Behold the Rivals of the great *Ulyſſes*!

Mem. Doubt not but all their Crimes, and all thy Wrongs
Are judg'd by *Nemeſis* and equal *Jove*;
Suffer the Fools to laugh and loll ſecure,
This is their Day,——but there is one behind
For Vengeance and *Ulyſſes*.

Æth. 'Till that Day,

That

That Day of Recompence and righteous Juſtice,
Learn thou, my Son, the cruel Arts of Courts;
Learn to diſſemble Wrongs, to ſmile at Injuries,
And ſuffer Crimes, thou want'ſt the Power to puniſh;
Be eaſie, affable, familiar, friendly,
Search, and know all Mankind's myſterious Ways,
But truſt the Secret of thy Soul to none;
Believe me, ſeventy Years, and all the Sorrows
That ſeventy Years bring with 'em, thus have taught me,
Thus only, to be ſafe in ſuch a World as this is.

Enter Antinous.

Ant. Hail to thee, Prince; thou Son of great *Ulyſſes*,
Off-ſpring of Gods, moſt worthy of thy Race;
May ev'ry Day like this be happy to thee,
Fruition and Succeſs attend thy Wiſhes,
And everlaſting Glory crown thy Youth.

Tel. Thou greet'ſt me like a Friend — Come near *Antinous*;
May I believe that Omen of my Happineſs,
That Joy which dances in thy chearful Eyes?
Or doſt thou, for thou know'ſt my fond fond Heart,
Doſt thou betray me to deceitful Hopes,
And ſooth me like an Infant, with a Tale
Of ſome Felicity, ſome dear Delight,
Which thou didſt never purpoſe to beſtow?

Ant. By *Cytherea*'s Altar and her Doves,
By all the gentle Fires that burn before her,
I have the kindeſt Sounds to bleſs your Ear with,
Nay and the trueſt too, I'll ſwear I think,
That ever Love and Innocence inſpir'd.

Tel. Ha! from *Semanthe*?

Ant. From the fair *Semanthe*,
The gentle, the forgiving——

Tel.

Tel. Soft, my *Antinous*,
Keep the dear Secret ſafe; Wiſdom and Age
Reaſon perverſely when they judge of Love.
A Bus'neſs of a Moment calls me hence, [*To* Mentor.
That ended I'll attend the Queen: 'till then,
Mentor, the noble Stranger is thy Care.
——Fly with me to ſome ſafe, ſome ſacred Privacy,
[*To* Ant.
There charm my Senſes with *Semanthe*'s Accents,
There pour thy Balm into my Love-ſick Soul,
And heal my Cares for ever. [*Exeunt* Tele. *and* Ant.

Æth. This ſmooth Speaker,
This ſupple Courtier is in Favour with you.
Markt you the Prince? how at this Man's Approach
The Fierceneſs, Rage, and Pride of Youth declin'd;
His changing Viſage wore a Form more gentle,
And ev'ry Feature took a ſofter Turn;
As if his Soul bent on ſome new Employment,
Of different Purpoſe from the Thought before,
Had ſummon'd other Counſels, other Paſſions,
And dreſt her in a gay fantaſtick Garb
Fit for th' Adventure which ſhe meant to prove.
By *Jove* I lik'd it not——

Mon. The Prince, whoſe Temper
Is open as the Day, and unſuſpecting,
Eſteems him as devoted to his Service,
Wiſe, Brave, and Juſt: And ſince his late Return
From *Neſtor's* Court at *Pyle*, he ſtill has held him
In more eſpecial Nearneſs to his Heart.

Æth. 'Tis raſh, and ſavours of unwary Youth:
Tell him he truſts too far——If I miſtook not,
You ſaid he was a Woer.

Men. True, he was;

Noble

Noble by Birth, and mighty in his Wealth,
Proud of the Patriot's Name and People's Praiſe,
By Gifts, by friendly Offices and Eloquence,
He won the Herd of *Ithacans* to think him
Ev'n worthy to ſupply his Maſter's Place.

Æth. Unthinking, changeable, ungrateful *Ithaca*!
But *Mentor*! ſay, the Queen! Cou'd ſhe forget
The Difference 'twixt *Ulyſſes* and his Slave?
Did not her Soul reſent the Violation,
And ſpight of all the Wrongs ſhe labour'd under,
Daſh his Ambition and preſumptuous Love?

Men. Still Great and Royal in the worſt of Fortunes,
With native Pow'r and Majeſty array'd,
She aw'd this raſh *Ixion* with her Frown:
Taught him to bend his abject Head to Earth,
And own his humbler Lot——He ſtood rebuk'd,
And full of guilty Sorrow for the paſt,
Vow'd to repeat the daring Crime no more,
But with Humility and loyal Service
To purge his Fame, and waſh the Stains away.

Æth. Deceit and Artifice! the Turn's too ſudden;
Habitual Evils ſeldom change ſo ſoon,
But many Days muſt paſs, and many Sorrows,
Conſcious Remorſe and Anguiſh muſt be felt,
To curb Deſire, to break the ſtubborn Will,
And work a ſecond Nature in the Soul,
E'er Virtue can reſume the Place ſhe loſt;
'Tis elſe Diſſimulation——But no more,
The ruffling Train of Suiters are at hand,
Thoſe mighty Candidates for Love and Empire;
'Tis well the Gods are mild, when theſe dare hope
To merit their beſt Gifts by Riot and Injuſtice.

Enter

Enter Polydamas, Agenor, Thoon, Ephialtes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Our Souls are out of Tune, we languiſh all,
Nor does the ſweet returning of the Dawn
Chear with its uſual Mirth our drowzy Spirits,
That droop'd beneath the lazy leaden Night.

Agen. Can we, who ſwear we love, ſmile or be gay,
When our fair Queen, the Goddeſs of our Vows,
She that adorns our Mirth and gilds our Day,
With-holds the Beams that only can revive us?

Tho. Night muſt involve the World 'till ſhe appear;
The Flowers in painted Meadows hang their Heads,
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,
Nor early Hinds renew their conſtant Labour;
Ev'n Nature ſeems to ſlumber 'till her Call,
Regardleſs of th' Approach of any other Day.

Eph. Why is ſhe then with-held, this publick Good?
Why does ſhe give thoſe Hours that ſhould rejoyce us
To Tears, Perverſeneſs, and to ſullen Privacy?
While vainly here we waſte our luſty Youth,
In Expectation of the uncertain Bleſſing?

Pol. For twice two Years, this coy this cruel Beauty
Has mock'd our Hopes, and croſt 'em with Delays;
At length the female Artifice is plain,
The Riddle of her myſtick Web is known,
Which e'er her ſecond Choice ſhe ſwore to weave;
While ſtill the ſecret Malice of the Night
Undid the Labours of the former Day.

Agen. Hard are the Laws of Love's deſpotick Rule,
And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain;
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*
Bacchus the jolly God of laughing Pleaſures,
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,

Apollo.

Apollo's Lyre, and *Hermes* tuneful Shell;
Let Wine and Muſick joyn to ſwell the Triumph,
To ſooth uneaſie Thought, and lull Deſire.
Æth. Is this the Rev'rence due to ſacred Beauty,
Or theſe the Rights the *Cyprian* Goddeſs claims?
Theſe rude licentious Orgyes are for *Satyrs*,
And ſuch the drunken Homage which they pay
To old *Silenus* nodding on his Aſs.
But be it as it may; it ſpeaks you well.
Eph. What ſays the Slave?
Tho. Oh! 'tis the Snarler, *Æthon*,
A privileg'd Talker — Give him leave to rail;
Or ſend for *Irus* forth, his fellow Drole,
And let 'em play a Match of Mirth before us,
And Laughter be the Prize to crown the Victor.
Æth. And doſt thou anſwer to Reproof with Laughter?
But do ſo ſtill, and be what thou wert born;
Stick to thy native Senſe, and ſcorn Inſtruction.
Oh Folly! What an Empire haſt thou here!
What Temples ſhall be rais'd to thee! What Crowds
Of ſlav'ring, hooting, ſenſeleſs, ſhameful Ideots
Shall worſhip at thy ignominious Altars,
While Princes are thy Prieſts!
Pol. Why ſhou'dſt thou think,
O'erweening, Inſolent, Unmanner'd Slave,
That Wiſdom does forſake the Wealth, the Honours,
And full Proſperity of Princes Courts,
To dwell with Rags and Wretchedneſs like thine?
Why doſt thou call him Fool?
Æth. Speech is moſt free,
It is *Jove*'s Gift to all Mankind in common.
Why do'ſt thou call me poor, and think me wretched?
Pol. Becauſe thou art ſo.

Æth.

Æth. Anſwer to thy ſelf,
And let it ſerve for thee and for thy Friend.
Agen. He talks like Oracles, obſcure and ſhort.
Æth. I wou'd be underſtood, but Apprehenſion
Is not thy Talent—— Midnight Surfeits, Wine,
And painful undigeſted Morning Fumes,
Have marr'd thy Underſtanding.
Eph. Hence, thou Miſcreant!
My Lords, this Railer is not to be born.
Æth. And wherefore art thou born, thou publick Grievance,
Thou Tyrant, born to be a Nation's Puniſhment;
To ſcourge thy guilty Subjects for their Crimes,
And prove Heav'n's ſharpeſt Vengeance?
Eph. Spurn him hence,
And tear the rude unhallow'd Railer's Tongue
Forth from his Throat.
Æth. If brutal Violence
And Luſt of foul Revenge ſhou'd urge thee on,
Spight of the Queen and Hoſpitable *Jove*,
T'oppreſs a Stranger, ſingle and unarm'd,
Yet mark me well, I was not born thy Vaſſal;
And wert thou ten times greater than thou art,
And ten times more a King, thus wou'd I meet thee,
Thus naked as I am, I wou'd oppoſe thee,
And fight a Woman's Battel with my Hands,
E're thou ſhou'dſt do me Wrong, and go unpuniſh'd.
Eph. Ha! doſt thou brave me, Dog? [*Coming up to Æth.*
Tho. Avant!
Pol. Begon!

Enter Eurymachus.

Eur. What Daughter of old *Chaos* and the Night,
What Fury loiters you behind the Shades,

To

To vex the peaceful Morn with Rage and Uproar?
Each frowning Viſage doubly dy'd with Wrath,
Your Voices in tumultuous Clamours rais'd,
Venting Reproach, and ſtirring ſtrong Contention,
Say you have been at Variance—— Speak, ye Princes,
Whence grew th' Occaſion?

Æth. King of *Samos*, hear me.
To thee, as to a King, worthy the Name,
The Majeſty and Right Divine of Pow'r,
Boldly I dare appeal —— This King of *Seriphos*,
[*Pointing to* Ephialtes.
This Iſland Lord, this Monarch of a Rock,
He and his Fellow Princes there, yon' Band
Of eating, drinking Lovers, have in Scorn
Of the Gods Laws, and Strangers ſacred Privilege,
Offer'd me foul Offence and moſt unmanly Injuries.

Eur. Away! It is too much —— You wrong your Honours, [*To the Woers.*
And ſtain the Luſtre of your Royal Names,
To brawl and wrangle with a Thing beneath you;
Are we not Chief on Earth, and plac'd aloft?
And when we poorly ſtoop to mean Revenge,
We ſtand debas'd, and level with the Slave
Who fondly dares us with his vain Defiance.

Eph. Henceforward let the ribald Railer learn
To curb the lawleſs Licence of his Speech,
Let him be dumb, we wo'not brook his Prating.

Eur. Go to! You are too bitter——But no more; [*To Æth.*
Let ev'ry jarring Sound of Diſcord ceaſe,
Tune all your Thoughts and Words to Beauty's Praiſe,
To Beauty, that with ſweet and pleaſant Influence
Breaks like the Day-ſtar from the chearful Eaſt.

For

For ſee where circled with a Crowd of Fair Ones,
Freſh as the Spring, and fragrant as its Flowers,
Your Queen appears, your Goddeſs, your *Penelope*.

Enter the Queen with Ladies, and other Attendants.

Diana thus on *Cynthus* ſhady Top,
Or by *Eurota*'s Stream leads to the Chace
Her Virgin Train, a Thouſand lovely Nymphs
Of Form Celeſtial all, Troop by her Side,
Amidſt a Thouſand Nymphs the Goddeſs ſtands confeſt,
In Beauty, Majeſty, and Port Divine,
Supream and Eminent.

Qu. If theſe ſweet Sounds,
This humble fawning Phraſe, this faithleſs Flattery,
If theſe known Arts cou'd heal my wounded Soul,
Cou'd recompence the Sorrows of my Days,
Or ſooth the Sighings of my lonely Nights;
Well might you hope to woe me to your Wiſhes,
And win my Heart with your fond Tales of Love;
But ſince whate'er I've ſuffer'd for my Lord,
From *Troy*, the Winds and Seas, the Gods and you,
Is deeply writ within my ſad Remembrance,
Know, Princes, all your Eloquence is vain.

Agen. If thoſe bright Eyes that waſte their Lights with Weeping,
Wou'd kindly ſhine upon *Agenor*'s Hopes,
Behold he offers to his charming Queen
His Crown, his Life, his ever faithful Vows,
What Joys ſoe'er, or Love or Empire yield,
To bleſs her future Days, and make 'em happy all.

Pol. Accept my Crown, and Reign with me in *Delos*.

Tho. Mine, and the Homage of my People wait you.

Eph. I cannot Court you with a ſilken Tale,
With eaſie ambling Speeches, fram'd on Purpoſe,

Made

Made to be ſpoke in Tune——But be my Queen,
And leave my plain ſpoke Love to prove its Merit.

Qu. And am I yet to learn your Love, your Faith?
Are not my Wrongs gone up to Heav'n againſt you?
Do they not ſtand before the Throne of *Jove*,
And call inceſſant on his tardy Vengeance?
What Sun has ſhone that has not ſeen your Inſolence,
Your waſteful Riot, and your impious Mirth,
Your Scorn of Old *Laertes'* feeble Age,
Of my Son's Youth, and of my Woman's Weakneſs!
Ev'n in my Palace, here, my lateſt Refuge,
(For you are Lords of all beſides in *Ithaca*,)
With Ruffian Violence and murd'rous Rage
You menace the Defenceleſs and the Stranger;
And from th' unhoſpitable Dwelling drive
Safety and friendly Peace.

Æth. For me it matters not;
Wrong is the Portion ſtill of feeble Age.
My toilſome Length of Days, full oft has taught me
What 'tis to ſtruggle with the Proud and Powerful:
But 'tis for thy unhappy Fate, fair Queen,
'Tis to behold thy Beauty and thy Virtue,
Tranſcendent both, worthy the Gods who gave 'em,
And worthy of their Care, to ſee 'em left,
Abandon'd and forſaken to rude Outrage,
And made a Prize for Drunkards; 'tis for this
My Soul takes Fire within, and vainly urges
My cold enervate Hand t'aſſert thy Cauſe.

Qu. Alas! they ſcorn the Weakneſs of thy Age,
As of my Sex——But mark me well, ye Princes!
Whoe'er amongſt you dares to lift his Hand
Againſt the hoary Head of this old Man,
This good old Man, this Friend of my *Ulyſſes*,

Him

Him will I hold my worſt my deadlieſt Foe,
Him ſhall my Curſes and Revenge purſue,
And mark him from the reſt with moſt diſtinguiſh'd Hatred.

Eph. That you are weak, defenceleſs and oppreſt,
Impute not to the Gods, they have befriended you,
With laviſh Hands they ſpread their Gifts before you;
What Pride, Revenge, what wanton Love of Change,
Or Woman's Wiſh can ask, behold, we offer you.
Curſe the Perverſeneſs of your ſtubborn Will then,
That has delay'd your Choice, and in that Choice your Happineſs.

Qu. And muſt I hear this ſtill, and ſtill endure it?
Oh Rage! Diſhonour! wretched, helpleſs Queen!
Return, return my Hero, my *Ulyſſes*:
Bring him again, you cruel Seas and Winds,
Troy and Adult'rous *Paris* are no more;
Reſtore him then, you righteous Gods of *Greece*,
T'avenge himſelf and me upon theſe Tyrants,
And do a ſecond Juſtice here at home.

Eur. Amongſt the mighty *Manes* of the *Greeks*
Great Names, and fam'd for higheſt Deeds in War,
His honour'd Shade reſts from the Toils of Life
In everlaſting Indolence and Eaſe,
Careleſs of all your Pray'rs and vain Complainings,
Which the Winds bear away, and ſcatter in their Wantonneſs.
Turn thoſe bright Eyes then, from Deſpair and Death,
And fix your better Hopes among the Living,
Fix 'em on One, who dares, who can defend you,
One worthy of your Choice.

Qu. If my free Soul
Muſt ſtoop to this unequal hard Condition,

If I muſt make this ſecond hated Choice,
Yet by Connubial *Juno* here I ſwear,
None ſhall ſucceed my Lord, but that brave Man
That dares avenge me well upon the reſt.
Then let whoever dares to Love be bold,
Be, like my former Hero, made for War,
Able to bend the Bow, and toſs the Spear;
For ev'ry Wrong his injur'd Queen has found,
Let him revenge and pay it with a Wound;
Fierce from the Slaughter let the Victor come,
And tell me that my Foes have met their Doom;
Then plight his Faith upon his bloody Sword,
And be what my *Ulyſſes* was, my beſt, my deareſt Lord.

[*Exeunt* *Queen*, Mentor, *and Attendants.* Eur. Eph. Agen. Thoon, *and* Poly. *following.*

Manet Æthon.

Æth. O matchleſs Proof of Faith and Love unchang'd,
Left in the Pride, the wiſhing Warmth of Youth,
For ten long Years, and ten long Years to that,
And yet ſo true! Beſet with ſtrong Allurements,
With Youth, proud Pomp, and ſoft bewitching Pleaſure.
'Tis wonderful! and Wives in later Times
Shall think it all the Forgery of Wit,
A Fable curiouſly contriv'd t'upbraid
Their fickle eaſie Faith, and mock them for their Lightneſs.
But ſee! the *Samian* King returns.

Enter Eurymachus.

Eur. I ſought you
Amidſt the Croud of Princes, who attend
The Queen to *Juno*'s Temple.
Æth. When I worſhip,
And bow my ſelf before the awful Gods,

I mingle

I mingle not with thoſe who ſcorn their Laws,
With raging, brutal, looſe, voluptuous Crouds,
Who take the Gods for Gluttons like themſelves.
Eur. This ſullen Garb, this moody Diſcontent,
Sits on thee well, and I applaud thy Anger;
Thy juſt Diſdain of this licentious Rout:
Yet all are not like theſe; nor ought thy Quarrel
Be carry'd on to all Mankind in common.
Æth. Perhaps the untaught Plainneſs of my Words,
May make you think my Manners rude and ſavage:
But know my Country is the Land of Liberty;
Phæacia's happy Iſle, that gave me Birth,
Forbids not any to ſpeak plain and truly;
Sincere and open are we, roughly Honeſt,
Upright in Deed, tho' ſimple in our Speech,
As meaning not to Flatter, or Offend;
The Uſe of Words we have, but not the Art,
And ev'n as Nature dictates, ſo we ſpeak.
Eur. Now by great *Juno*, Guardian of our *Samos*,
In ſtrong Deſcription haſt thou well expreſt,
That manly Virtue I wou'd make a Friend of.
Nor thou, brave *Æthon*, ſhalt diſdain our Amity,
Our proffer'd Love; for know that Kings, like Gods,
With all Things good adorn their own Creation,
And where their Favour fixes, there is Happineſs.
Æth. Yes, Sir, you are a King, a great one too;
My humbler Birth has caſt me far beneath you,
And made me for the proffer'd Grace unfit;
Friendſhip delights in equal Fellowſhip,
Where Parity of Rank and mutual Offices
Engage both Sides alike, and keep the Balance ev'n.
'Tis irkſome to a gen'rous grateful Soul,
To be oppreſt beneath a Load of Favours,

Still to receive, and run in Debt to Friendſhip,
Without the Pow'r of paying ſomething back.

Eur. I know thee grateful; juſt and gen'rous Minds
Are always ſo; nor is thy Pow'r ſo ſcanty
But that it may vye with a King's Munificence,
May make me a large Amends for all my Bounty,
May bleſs me with a Benefit I want,
And give me that which my Soul moſt deſires;
The Queen———

Æth. How, Sir, the Queen!

Eur. The Beauteous Queen,
That Summer-Sun in full Meridian Glory,
Brighter than the faint Promiſe of the Spring,
With Bleſſings ripen'd to the Gatherer's Hand,
Mature for Joy and in Perfection lovely;
Ev'n ſhe!
The Pride of *Greece*, the Wiſh of youthful Princes,
Severe, and Cold, and Rigid, as ſhe is,
Looks gently on thee *Æthon*, ſhe beholds thee
With kind Regard, and liſtens to thy Counſels.

Æth. Be ſtill thou beating Heart! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir go on.

Eur. No more, there needs no more; thy piercing Wit,
I read it in thy Eyes, hath found my Purpoſe.
Be favourable then, be friendly to me;
Nay, I'll conjure thee, by my Hopes, by thine,
Whether they follow Wealth, or Power, or Fame,
Or what Deſires ſoe'er warm thy old Breaſt,
Counſel me, aid me, teach me, be my Friend.

Æth. Suppoſe me ſuch, what ſhou'd my Friendſhip profit you?

Eur. O by Ten Thouſand Ways! has not that Age
That turn'd thy rev'rend Locks ſo Silver White,

Has

Has it not giv'n thee Skill in Womankind,
Sagacious Wiſdom to explore their Subleties,
Their coy Averſions, and their eager Appetites,
Their falſe Denials, and their ſecret Yieldings?
Yet more, thy Friendſhip with her former Lord,
Gives thee a Right to ſpeak, and be believ'd.

Æth. Then you wou'd have me woe her for you, win her;
This Queen, this Wife of him that was my Friend?

Eur. Thou ſpeak'ſt me well, of him that was thy Friend:
His Death has broke thoſe Bonds of Love and Friendſhip,
And left me free and worthy to ſucceed
Both in her Heart, and thine.

Æth. Excuſe me, Sir,
Nor think I meant to queſtion your high Worth.
I am but ill at Praiſing, or my Tongue
Had ſpoke the great Things that my Heart thinks of you
Suppoſe me wholly yours——Yet do you hold
This Sov'reign Beauty made of ſuch light Stuff,
So like the common Changelings of her Sex,
That he that flatter'd, ſigh'd, and ſpoke her fair,
Cou'd win her from her ſtubborn Reſolution
And chaſte Reſerv'dneſs, with his ſweet Perſuaſion?

Eur. No, were ſhe, form'd like them, ſhe were a Conqueſt
Beneath a Monarch's Love, or *Æthon*'s Wit.
Not but I think, ſhe has her warmer Wiſhes,
'Twere monſtrous elſe, and Nature had deny'd
Her choiceſt Bleſſing to her faireſt Creature;
Her ſoft Deſires that ſteal abroad unſeen,
Like Silver *Cynthia* ſliding from her Orb,
At dead of Night to young *Endimion*'s Arms.

Æth. How! think you ſo! —But ſo 'tis true it may be,
The beſt of all the Sex is but a Woman,
And why ſhou'd Nature break her Rule for One?
To make One true, when all the reſt are falſe?
To find thoſe Wiſhes then, thoſe fond Deſires,
To trace the fulſome Haunts of wanton Appetite,
She muſt be try'd.

Eur. That to thy Care, my *Æthon*,
Thy Wit and watchful Friendſhip I commend.

Æth. Yes, Sir, be certain on't, ſhe ſhall be try'd;
Thro' all the winding Mazes of her Thoughts,
Thro' all her Joys, her Sorrows and her Fears,
Thro' all her Truth and Falſhood I'll purſue her.
She ſhall be ſubtler than Deceit it ſelf,
And proſperouſly Wicked, if ſhe 'ſcape me.

Eur. Thou art my Genius, and my happier Hours
Depend upon thy Providence and Rule.
This Day, at her Return from *Juno*'s Altar,
I have obtain'd an Hour of private Conference.

Æth. What! Private, ſaid you! 'Twas a Mark of Favour,
Diſtinguiſhly kind.

Eur. Somewhat I urg'd
That much concern'd her Honour, and her Safety,
Nay ev'n the Life of her belov'd *Telemachus*,
Which to her Ear alone I wou'd diſcloſe:
Thou ſhalt be preſent———How I mean to prove her,
Which way to ſhake the Temper of her Soul,
And where thy Aid may ſtand me moſt in ſtead,
I will inſtruct thee as we paſs along.

Æth. I wait you, Sir.

Eur. Nor doubt of the Succeſs,
This ſtubborn Beauty ſhall be taught Compliance.

Fair

Fair Daughter of the Ocean, ſmiling *Venus*,
Thou Joy of Gods and Men, aſſiſt my Purpoſe;
Thy *Cyprus* and *Cythera* leave a while,
Thy *Paphian* Groves, and ſweet *Idalian* Hill,
To fix thy Empire in this rugged Iſle;
Bring all thy Fires from every Lover there,
To warm this coy, this cruel frozen Fair,
Let her no more from Nature's Laws be free,
But learn Obedience to thy great Decree,
Since Gods themſelves ſubmit to Fate, and Thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antinous, Cleon *and* Arcas.

Ant. 'TIS thus, my Fellow-Citizens and Friends,
'Tis thus unhappy *Ithaca* muſt groan
Beneath the Bondage of a Foreign Lord;
A needy upſtart Race of hungry Strangers
Shall ſwarm upon the Land, eat its Increaſe,
Devour the Labours of the toiling Hind,
And gather all the Wealth and Honours of our Iſle.

Cle. The ſilken Minions of the *Samian* Court,
To Lord it o'er the Province ſhall be ſent,
To rule the State, to be the Chiefs in War,
And lead our hardy *Ithacans* to Battle.
Freedom and Right ſhall ceaſe; our Corn, Wine, Oyl,
The Fatneſs of the Year, ſhall all be theirs;

Our Modeſt Matrons, and our Virgin Daughters,
Ev'n all we hold moſt dear, ſhall be the Spoil,
The Prey of our imperious haughty Maſters.

Arc. Would I cou'd ſay I did not fear theſe Evils.

Ant. O honeſt *Arcas*, 'tis too plain a Danger.
The Queen, requir'd by publick Voice to Wed,
To end at once the Hopes and riotous Concourſe
Of Princely Gueſts, contending for her Love,
O'er-paſſing all the nobleſt of our Iſle,
Inclines to fix her Choice on proud *Eurymachus*.

Cle. Why rides the *Samian* Fleet within our Harbour,
But to ſupport their Tyrant's Title here?
With Cauſes feign'd they linger long, pretending
Rude Winter Seas, with Omens that forbid
The frighted Mariner to leave the Shoar;
While *Neptune* ſmooths his Waters for their Paſſage,
And gently whiſtling Winds invite their Sails,
As if they wiſh'd to waft them back to *Samos*.

Arc. *Ulyſſes* is no more; the partial Gods,
Who favour'd *Priam* and his hapleſs Race,
Have pour'd their Wrath on his devoted Head,
And now in ſome far diſtant Realm, expos'd
To glut the Vulture's and the Lyon's Maw,
Or in the Oozy Bottom of the Deep,
Full many a Fathom down, the Hero lyes,
And never ſhall return———What then remains?
But that our Country fly to thee for Succour,

[*To* Antinous.

To thee, the nobleſt of the Lords of *Ithaca*;
And ſince, ſo Fate ordains, our Queen muſt Wed,
Be thou her ſecond Choice, be thou our Ruler,
And ſave our Nation from a foreign Yoke.

Ant.

Ant. You are my Friends, and over-rate my Worth,
But Witneſs for me, for you ſtill have known me,
When e'er my Country's Service calls me on,
No Enterprize ſo doubtful, or ſo dangerous,
But I will boldly prove it, to preſerve thee,
Oh *Ithaca*, from Bondage.

Cle. Wherefore urge you not
Your Suit among the reſt?

Ant. The cruel Queen
Rejects my humble Vows with angry Scorn;
And when I once preſum'd to ſpeak my Paſſion,
She call'd it Inſolence——Since then I've ſtrove
To hide th' unlucky Folly, from all Eyes
But yours, my Friends, who view my naked Soul.

Arc. Avow your Flame in publick, tell the World
Antinous is worthy of a Queen:
So many valiant Hands ſhall own your Cauſe,
So ſhall the Voice in *Ithaca* be for you,
The Queen ſhall own your Love has made her great,
And giv'n her back an Empire ſhe had loſt.

Ant. Think not I dream the Hours of Life away,
Supine, and negligent of Love and Glory;
No, *Arcas*, no, my active Mind is buſie,
And ſtill has labour'd with a vaſt Deſign;
E'er long the beauteous Birth will be diſclos'd,
Then ſhall your Pow'rs come forth, your Swords and Counſels,
And manifeſt the Love you bear *Antinous*;
Till then be ſtill——To favour my Deſign,
With low ſubmiſſions, with obſequious Duty,
And Vows of Friendſhip fit to flatter Boys with,
I've wound my ſelf into the Prince's Heart.

Cle. 'Tis ſaid the Love-ſick Youth dotes ev'n to Death
Upon the *Samian* Princeſs, fair *Semanthe.*

Ant. Let it go on———'tis a convenient Dotage,
And ſutes my Purpoſe well———The Youth by Nature
Is active, fiery, bold, and great of Soul;
Love is the Bane of all theſe Noble Qualities,
The ſickly Fit, that palls Ambition's Appetite;
And therefore have I nurs'd the fond Diſeaſe,
Inſpiring lazy Wiſhes, Sighs and Languiſhings,
Unactive dreaming Sloth, and womaniſh Softneſs,
To freeze his Veins, and quench his manly Fires.
The froward God of Love, to boaſt his Pow'r,
Has bred of late ſome little Jars between 'em;
But 'twas my Care to reconcile their Follies,
And if my Augury deceives me not,
This Day a Prieſt in private makes 'em one,
Unknown or to the Queen, or to *Eurymachus,*
But ſee!———They come———retire.———

Enter Telemachus *and* Semanthe.

Do, Sigh, and Smile,
And print thy Lips upon the ſoft white Hand;
Scepters and Crowns are Trifles none regard,
That can be bleſt with ſuch a Joy as this is.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cle. *and* Arc.

Tel. Yes, my *Semanthe,* ſtill I will complain,
Still I will murmur at thee, cruel Maid,
For all that Pain thou gav'ſt my Heart but now.
What God, averſe to Innocence and Love,
Cou'd ſhake thy gentle Soul with ſuch a Storm?
Juſt at that happy Moment, when the Prieſt
Had join'd our Hands, thou ſtart'dſt as Death had ſtruck thee,
And ſighing cry'dſt, Ah! no!——it is impoſſible!

Sem.

Sem. And yet, oh my lov'd Lord, yet I am yours,
This Hand has given me to you, and this Heart,
This Heart that akes with Tenderneſs, confirm'd it.
Tel. And yet thou art not mine;———elſe why this Sorrow?
Why art thou wet with Weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* deſcends, in gentle Show'rs,
To cauſe Increaſe, and bleſs the Infant Year,
When ev'ry ſpiry Graſs, and painted Flow'r,
Is hung with pearly Drops of Heav'nly Rain?
Sem. Ye Woods and Plains, and all ye Virgin *Dryads*,
Happy Companions of thoſe Woods and Plains,
Why was I forc'd to leave your chearful Fellowſhip,
To come and loſe my Peace of Mind at *Ithaca*?
And oh! *Semanthe*, wherefore didſt thou liſten
To that dear Voice? why didſt thou break thy Vow,
Made to the Huntreſs *Cynthia* and her Train?
Ah! ſay, fond Maid, ſay wherefore didſt thou love?
Tel. Alas! my gentle Love, how have I wrong'd thee?
By what unwilling Crime have I offended?
That thus with ſtreaming Eyes thou ſhould'ſt complain,
Thus daſh my Joys, and quench thoſe Holy Fires,
By yellow *Hymen*'s Torch ſo lately lighted:
Thus ſtain this bleſſed Day, our Bridal Day,
With the deteſted Omen of thy Sorrows.
Sem. Of what ſhou'd I accuſe thee? thou art Noble,
Thy Heart is ſoft, is pitiful and tender;
And thou wilt never wrong the poor *Semanthe*.
And yet———
Tel. What mean'ſt thou?
Sem. What have we been doing?

Tel.

Tel. A Deed of Happineſs.

Sem. Are we not marry'd?

Tel. We are——and like the careful, thrifty Hind,
Who provident of Winter fills his Stores
With all the various Plenty of the Autumn,
We've hoarded up a mighty Maſs of Joy,
To laſt for all our Years that are to come,
And ſweeten ev'ry bitter Hour of Life.

Sem. Fain wou'd I ſooth my Soul with theſe ſweet Hopes,
Forget the Anguiſh of my waking Cares,
And all thoſe boding Dreams that haunt my Slumbers;
Laſt Night, when after many a heavy Sigh,
And many a painful Thought, the God of Sleep,
Inſenſible and ſoft, had ſtole upon me;
Methought I found me by a murm'ring Brook,
Reclin'd at Eaſe upon the flow'ry Margin;
And thou, thou firſt and laſt of all my Thoughts,
Thou dear, eternal Object of my Wiſhes,
Cloſe by my Side wert laid.——

Tel. Delightful Viſion!
And oh! oh Pity that it was not real.

Sem. A while on many a pleaſing Theme we talk'd,
And mingled ſweet Diſcourſe; when on the ſudden,
The Cry of Hounds, the jolly Huntſman's Horn,
With all the chearful Muſick of the Chace,
Surpriz'd my Ear—and ſtrait a Troop of Nymphs,
Once the dear Partners of my Virgin Heart,
Flew lightly by us, eager of the Sport;
Laſt came the Goddeſs, great *Latona*'s Daughter,
With more than mortal Grace ſhe ſtood confeſt,
I ſaw the Golden Quiver at her Back,
And heard the ſounding of her Silver Bow.

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd I roſe, and lowly made Obeyſance;
But ſhe, not ſweet, nor affable, nor ſmiling,
As once ſhe wont, with ſtern Regard beheld me;
And wherefore doſt thou loiter here, ſhe ſaid,
Of me, thy Fellows, and our Sports unmindful?
Return, thou Fugitive; nor vainly hope
To dreſs thy Bridal Bed, and waſte thy Youth
In wanton Pleaſures, and inglorious Love;
A Virgin at my Altar wert thou Vow'd,
'Tis fix'd by Fate, and thou art mine for ever.
With that ſhe ſnatch'd a Chaplet from my Hand,
Which for thy Head in Fondneſs I had wove,
And bore me ſwiftly with her: ——In my Flight,
Backwards, methought, I turn'd my Eyes to thee,
But found thee not, for thou wert vaniſh'd from me,
And in thy Place my Father lay extended
Upon the Earth, a bloody lifeleſs Coarſe;
Struck to the very Heart, I ſhriekt aloud,
And waking, found my Tears upon my Pillow,

Tel. Vex not thy peaceful Soul, my fair *Semanthe*,
Nor dread the Anger of the awful Gods,
Safe in thy Native unoffending Innocence.
Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
And drowzy Night invades the weary World,
Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantaſtick *Morpheus*,
Ten thouſand mimick Fantoms fleet around him,
Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures,
Each has Ten Thouſand Thouſand diff'rent Forms,
In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper,
While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

Sem. Not happy Omens that approve our Wiſhes,
When bright with Flames the chearful Altar ſhines,

And the good Gods are gracious to our Offerings,
Not Oracles themſelves, that ſpeak us happy,
Cou'd charm my Fears, and lull my froward Sorrows,
Like the dear Voice of him whom my Soul loves;
Ev'n while thou ſpok'ſt my Breaſt begun to glow,
I felt ſweet Hopes, and Joy, and Peace returning,
And all the Fires of Life were kindled up anew.

Tel. Hence then, thou meager Care, ill boding Melancholy,
Anxious Diſquiet, and heart-breaking Grief,
Fly to your Native Seats, where deep below
Old Night and Horror with the Furies dwell,
Love and the joyful Genial Bed diſclaim you;
To Night a Thouſand little laughing *Cupids*
Shall be our Guard, and wakeful watch around us,
No Sound, no Thought ſhall enter to diſturb us,
But ſacred Silence reign; unleſs, ſometimes,
We ſigh and murmur with Exceſs of Happineſs.

Sem. Alas, my Lord!

Tel. Again that mournful Sound!

Sem. What other Pain is this? what other Fear,
So diff'rent quite from what I felt before?
Alternate Heat and Cold ſhoot thro' my Veins,
Now a chill Dew hangs faintly on my Brow,
And now with gentle Warmth I glow all o'er;
Short are my Sighs, and nimbly beats my Heart,
I gaze on thee with Joy, and yet I tremble,
'Tis Pain and Pleaſure blended, both at once,
'Tis Life and Death, or ſomething more than either.

Tel. Thus untry'd Soldiers, when the Trumpet ſounds,
Expect the Combat with uncertain Paſſions;
Thus Nature ſpeaks in unexperienc'd Maids,
And thus they bluſh, and thus like thee they tremble.

At

At Even, when the Queen retires to Reſt,
I'll meet thee here, and take thee to my Arms,
Thy beſt, thy ſureſt Refuge.——————
But ſee! the Stranger *Æthon* comes, retire,
I wou'd not have his watchful Eye obſerve us.

Enter Æthon.

I charge thee loiter not, but haſte to bleſs me,
Haſte, at th' appointed Hour——————
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn;
Think, how I call thee Cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief, for thy unkind Delay.

[*Exeunt* Telemachus *and* Sem.

Manet Æthon.

Æth. Ha! what, ſo cloſe! how cautious to avoid me?
As who ſhou'd ſay, Old Man you are too Wiſe,
What has my Youth to do with your Inſtructions,
While Folly is ſo pleaſant to my Taſte,
And damn'd Deſtruction wears a Face ſo fair?
This *Samian* King is Happy in his Arts:
His Daughter, vow'd a Virgin to *Diana*,
Is brought to play the Wanton here at *Ithaca*:
No matter for Religion; let the Gods
Look to their Rites themſelves: the Youth grows fond,
Juſt to their Wiſh! and ſwears himſelf their Vaſſal.
His Mother follows next—— But ſoft—— They come;
Now to put on the Pander!—— That's my Office.

Enter the Queen and Eurymachus.

Qu. Have I not anſwer'd oft, It is in vain,
In vain to urge me with this hateful Subject?
As thou art Noble, pity me, *Eurymachus*,
Add not new Weight of Sorrows to my Days,

That

That drag too ſlow, too heavily along,
Compel me not to curſe my Life, my Being,
To curſe each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings,
To ev'ry wretched Creature, but my ſelf;
To me it brings more Pain, and iterated Woes.

Eur. Oh God of Eloquence, bright *Maia*'s Son!
Teach me what more than mortal Grace of Speech,
What Sounds can move this fierce relentleſs Fair,
This cruel Queen, that pityleſs beholds
My Heart that bleeds for her, my humble Knee,
In abject low Submiſſion bent to Earth,
To deprecate her Scorn, and beg in vain,
One gracious Word, one favourable Look,

Qu. Count back the tedious Years, ſince firſt my Hero
Forſook theſe faithful Arms to War with *Troy*;
And yet in all that long, long Tract of Time,
Witneſs, ye chaſter Powers, if e'er my Thoughts
Have harbour'd any other Gueſt but him;
Remember, King of *Samos*, what I have been,
Then think if I can change —— *Æthon*! come near,

[Æthon *comes forward*.

Good honeſt Man! how rare is Truth like thine!
Thou great Example of a Loyal Friend!

Æth. Oh Lady, ſpare that Praiſe; if few like me
Are Friends, yet none have ever lov'd like you;
Why what a mighty Space is twenty Years?
'Tis irkſome to Remembrance, to look back
Upon your Youth, that happier Part of Life,
Like ſome fair Field, of rich and fertile Soil,
That might have bleſt the Owner with Abundance;
But left unheeded, like a barren Moor,

Lies

Lies fenceleſs, wild, uncultivate, and waſte.

Qu. Alas!

Eur. Were Youth and Beauty giv'n in vain?
Why were the Gods ſo laviſh of their Gifts,
To one, whoſe ſullen Pride neglects to uſe 'em,
As if ſhe ſcorn'd the Care Heav'n took to make her Happy?

Æth. More than enough of Sorrow have you known;
Give Eaſe at length to your afflicted Soul,
Be comforted, and now while Time is yours,
Taſte the good things of Life, yet e'er they periſh,
Yet e'er the happy Seaſon paſs away.

Qu. What Sov'reign Balm, what heav'nly healing Art,
Can cure a Heart ſo torn with Grief as mine,
Can ſtay this never-ceaſing Stream of Tears,
And once more make my Senſes know Delight?

Eur. What God can work that Miracle but Love?
Love, who diſpenſes Joy to Heav'n it ſelf,
And chears his Fellow-Gods more than their Nectar,
'Till wrapt with vaſt, unutterable Pleaſures,
Such as Immortal Natures only know,
Each owns his Pow'r, and bleſſes the ſweet Boy.

Qu. Now *Æthon*, by thy Friendſhip to my Lord,
Anſwer, I charge thee, to this cruel King;
Demand if it be Noble to Prophane
My Virtue thus, with looſe diſhoneſt Courtſhip.

Æth. Are Love and Virtue then ſuch Mortal Foes,
That they muſt never meet?

Qu. Never with me,
Unleſs my Lord return.

Æth. Vain Expectation!

Qu. Ha! Surely I miſtook!——what ſaid'ſt thou, *Æthon?*

Æth.

Æth. That you have waited long for that Return,
Waſted too much of Life, and caſt away
Thoſe precious Hours, that might have been employ'd
To better uſe than Weeping.

Qu. This from thee!
Oh faithleſs! Truth is vaniſh'd then indeed.
Oh *Æthon!*—art thou too—become my Enemy!

Æth. If, to reward your Faith to loſt *Ulyſſes*,
I pray the Gods to heap their Bleſſings on you,
To make you Miſtreſs of a mighty Nation,
An Empire greater, nobler than your own,
And crown you with this valiant Monarch's Love,
If this be Enmity, you may accuſe me.

Qu. Doſt thou ſollicit for him? doſt thou dare
Invade my Peace, my Virtue?

Æth. Not for him,
But for the common Happineſs of both.

Qu. Traitor! no more—— at length thy wicked Arts,
Thy falſe diſſembled Friendſhip for my Lord,
Thy Pious Journey hither for his ſake,
Thy Care of me, my Son, and of the State,
Thy Praiſe, thy Counſels, and thy ſhew of Virtue,
So holy, ſo adorn'd with Rev'rend Age,
All are reveal'd, and thou confeſt a Villain;
Hire, and the ſordid Love of Gain have caught thee;
Gold has prevail'd upon thee to betray me,
And bargain for my Honour with this Prince.
[*Pointing to* Eurymachus.

Æth. It grieves me I Offend you——ſure I am,
I meant it as a Friend.

Qu. Hence from my Sight!

Eur. *Æthon*, no more,——— Since Love and willing
Friendſhip

Employ

Employ their pious Offices in vain,
Learn we henceforth from this imperious Beauty,
Learn we, from her Example to be cruel:
And tho' our ſofter Paſſions reſt unſatisfy'd,
Yet the more fierce, the manly, and the rough,
Shall be indulg'd and riot to Exceſs.
Up then Revenge, and arm thee thou fell Fury,
Up then, and ſhake thy hundred Iron Whips,
To Day I vow to ſacrifice to thee,
And ſlake thy horrid Thirſt with Draughts of Royal Gore.

Qu. What ſays the Tyrant? [*Aſide.*] Oh, *Eurymachus*,
What fatal Purpoſe has thy Heart conceiv'd?
What means that Rage that lightens in thy Eyes?
That flaſhes fierce, and menaces Deſtruction?

Eur. The lambent Fire of Love prevails no more,
And now another mightier Flame ſucceeds;
Vaunt not too ſoon, nor triumph in thy Scorn,
For know, proud Queen, in ſpight of thy Diſdain,
There is a Way ev'n yet to reach thy Heart.
Thou haſt a Son, the Darling of thy Eyes——

Qu. Oh fatal Thought!
Fear, like the Hand of Death, has ſeiz'd my Heart,
Cold, chilling Cold —— my Son! Oh my *Telemachus!*

Æth. That ſtroke was home —— now, Virtue, hold thy own. [*Aſide.*

Eur. Know then, that Son is in my Pow'r, and holds
His frail uncertain Being at my Pleaſure,
And when I frown, Death and Deſtruction, greedy,
Watchful, intent like Tygers on their Prey,
Start ſudden forth, and ſeize the helpleſs Boy.

Three

Three Hundred choſen Warriors from my Fleet,
Who undiſcern'd, in Parties, and by ſtealth,
Late came a-ſhore, now wait for my Commands;
Think on 'em as the Miniſters of Fate,
For when I bid 'em execute, 'tis done.

Qu. If, as my Soul preſages from thoſe Terrors
Which gather on thy ſtern, tempeſtuous Brow,
Thou art ſeverely bent on Death and Vengeance,
Yet hear me, hear a Wretche's only Pray'r,
Oh ſpare the Innocent, ſpare my *Telemachus*,
Let not the Ruffian's Sword nor murd'rous Violence
Cut off the Noble Promiſe of his Youth,
Oh ſpare him, and let all thy Rage fall here;
Remember 'twas this haughty, ſtubborn Queen
Refus'd thy Love, and let her feel thy Hate.

Eur. A ſecret Joy glides thro' my ſullen Heart,
To ſee ſo fair a Suiter kneel before me:
But what have I to do with Thoughts like theſe?
Æthon, go bear this Ring to bold *Ceraunus*,
The Valiant Leader of our *Samian* Band;
My laſt of Orders, which this Morn I gave him,
Bid him perform; haſte thou, and ſee it done.

Qu. Stay, I conjure thee, *Æthon*——Cruel King!
Speak, anſwer me, unfold this dreadful Secret:
Where points this ſudden, dark, myſterious Miſchief?
Say, at the Head of what devoted Wretch
This winged Thunder aims—Say, while my Fears
Have left me yet a little Life to hear thee.

Eur. Already doſt thou dread the gath'ring Storm,
That grumbles in the Air, preluding Ruin?
But mark the Stroke, keep all thy Tears for that,
Too ſoon it ſhall be told thee———*Æthon*, hence.

Qu.

Qu. holding Æthon.] Not for thy Life—— No not 'till thou haſt heard me. [*To* Eurymachus.

Too well, alas! I underſtand my Fate;
How have I been among the happy Mothers
Call'd the moſt happy, now to be moſt miſerable:
The barren, comfortleſs ſate down and wept,
When they compar'd their Marriage Beds with mine;
The fruitful, when they boaſted of their Numbers,
With Envy and unwilling Praiſe, confeſt,
That I had all their Bleſſings in my One.
Our Virgins, when they met him, ſigh'd and bluſh'd,
Matrons and Wives beheld him as a Wonder,
And gazing Crowds purſu'd and bleſt him as he paſs'd.
But then his Youth! his Tenderneſs! his Piety!
Oh my *Telemachus!* my Son! my Son!

Eur. And what are all theſe Tears and helpleſs Wailings,
What poor Amends to injur'd Love and me?
How have I mourn'd thy Scorn, unkind and cruel?
How have I melted in unmanly Weeping?
How have I taught the ſtubborn Rocks of *Ithaca*,
And all the ſounding Shore to eccho my Complainings?
And haſt thou e'er relented? Now mourn thou,
And murmur not, nor think thy Lot too hard,
Since equal Juſtice pays thee but thy own.

Qu. Oh didſt thou know what Agonies I feel,
Hard as thou art, thou would'ſt have Pity on me:
Death is too poor a Name, for that means Reſt,
But 'tis Deſpair——'tis mad——tormenting Rage,
'Tis terrible——'tis bitter Pain——it is
A Mother's Mourning for her only Son.

Æth. Now, now her labouring Heart is rent with Anguiſh!

Oh

Oh Nature, how affecting are thy Sorrows!
How moving, melting in a Mother's Eyes!
So Silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate,
The Sea-Nymphs ſate around, and joyn'd their Tears,
While from his loweſt Deep old Father Ocean
Was heard to groan, in pity of their Pain. [*Aſide.*

Eur. Fair Mourner riſe——Thus far thou haſt prevail'd, [*Offering to raiſe her.*
If, to attone for all I have endur'd,
For all thy cold Neglect, thy Arts, Delays,
For all my Years of anxious Expectation,
This Night thou give thy Beauties to my Arms;
This Night! For Love, impatient of my Wrongs,
Allows not ev'n a Moment's ſpace beyond it,
The Prince, thy lov'd *Telemachus*, ſhall live,
And Danger and Diſtreſs ſhall never know thee more.

Qu. Oh Shame! Oh Modeſty! Connubial Truth
And ſpotleſs Purity! Ye Heav'nly Train!
Have I preſerv'd you in my ſecret Soul,
To give you up at laſt, then plunge in Guilt,
Abandon'd to Diſhonour and Pollution!
Oh never! never! let me firſt be rack'd,
Torn, ſcatter'd by the Winds, plung'd in the Deep,
Or bound amidſt the Flames——Oh friendly Earth
Open thy Boſome——And thou *Proſerpine*,
Infernal *Juno*, mighty Queen of Shades,
Receive me to thy dark, thy dreadful Empire,
And hide me, ſave me from this Tyrant's Fury.

Eth. Oh racking racking Pain of ſecret Thought! [*Aſide.*

Eur. Hence! hence thou Trifler Love! fond, vain Deceiver!

I caſt,

I caſt, I tear thee out———— *Æthon*, begon!

Qu. Then drag me too!—Yet hear me once, once more,
For I will ſpeak to thee of Love! ———of Rage!
Of Death! of Madneſs! and Eternal *Chaos!*

Eur. Away, thou Loiterer! [*To Æthon.*

Æth. Then I muſt go.

Qu. Eurimachus! [*Holding out her Hand to him.*

Eur. Speak———

Qu. Mercy!

Eur. Love!

Qu. Telemachus.

Eur. My Queen! my Goddeſs! Art thou kind at laſt?
Oh ſoftly, ſoftly breath the charming Sound,
And let it gently ſteal upon my Soul,
Gently as falls the balmy Dew from Heav'n,
Or let thy kind conſenting Eyes ſpeak for thee,
And bring me the ſweet Tidings from thy Heart;
She yields! Immortal Gods! ſhe yields!

Qu. Where is he?
Where is my Son? O tell me, is he ſafe?
Swear to me ſome moſt ſacred ſolemn Oath,
Swear my *Telemachus* is free from Danger.

Eur. Hear me, great *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
And thou blue *Neptune*, and thou *Stygian Pluto*,
Hear, all ye greater and ye leſſer Powers,
That Rule in Heaven, in Earth, in Seas, and Hell,
While to my Queen, on this fair Hand I ſwear,
That Royal Youth, that beſt lov'd Son is ſafe,
Nor dies, unleſs his Mother urge his Fate.
At Night, a Prieſt, by faithful *Æthon's* Care,
In private ſhall attend at thy Apartment,
There while rich Gums we burn, and Spicy Odours,
The Gods of Marriage and of Love invoking,

I will

I will renew my Vows, and at thy Feet
Devote ev'n all my Pow'rs to thy Command.
Qu. 'Till then be kind, and leave me to my ſelf;
Leave me to vent the Fulneſs of my Breaſt,
Pour out the Sorrows of my Soul alone,
And ſigh my ſelf, if poſſible to Peace.
Oh thou dear Youth, for whom I feel again
My Throes, and twice endure a Mother's Pain;
Well had I dy'd to ſave thee, oh my Son,
Well, to preſerve thy Life, had giv'n my own;
But when the Thoughts of former Days return,
When my loſt Virtue, Fame, and Peace I mourn,
The Joys which ſtill thou gav'ſt me I forget,
And own I bought thee at a Price too great. [*Ex. the Qu.*
Eur. At length we have prevail'd: Fear, Doubt and Shame,
Thoſe peeviſh Female Virtues, fly before us,
And the diſputed Field at laſt is ours.
Æth. Yes, you have conquer'd, have approv'd your ſelf
A Maſter in the Knowledge of the Sex.
What then remains but to prepare for Triumph,
To rifle all the Spoils of Captive Beauty,
And reap the ſweet Reward of your paſt Labours.
What of the Prince?
Eur. He lives, but muſt be mine,
And my *Semanthe*'s Love the Band to hold him;
But to to-morrow's Dawn leave we that Care,
The preſent Day, for deep, for vaſt Deſigns,
And hardy Execution is decreed.
This Night, according to their wonted Riot,
The Rival Princes mean to hold a Feaſt.
Æth. I mark'd but now the mighty Preparation,
When to the Hall the ſweating Slaves paſt in,

Bending

Bending beneath the maſſie Goblets Weight,
Whoſe each capacious Womb, fraught with rich Juice
Drawn from the *Chian* and the *Lesbian* Grape,
Portended witleſs Mirth, vain Laughter, Boaſting,
Contentious Brawling, Madneſs, Miſchief, and foul Murder;
While to appeaſe the Glutton's greedy Maw
Whole Herds are ſlain, more than ſuffice for Hecatombs,
Ev'n more than Zeal, with pi us Prodigality,
Beſtows upon the Gods to feed their Prieſts with.

Eur. Then mark me well: or e're the rowling Night
Have finiſh'd half her Courſe, the fumy Vapours
And mounting Spirits of the deep-drunk Bowl,
Shall ſeize the Brains of theſe Carouſing Lovers;
Then ſhalt thou, *Æthon*, with my valiant *Samians*,
Arm'd and appointed all at thy Command,
Surround the Hall, and on our common Foes
At once Revenge my Queen, thy ſelf and me.

Æth. Ha! At a Blow!—'tis juſt—'tis greatly thought!
By *Jove*, th' Avenger, 'twill be noble Slaughter;
Nor doubt the Event, I anſwer for 'em all,
Ev'n to a Man.

Eur. Thine then be all the Care,
While I with ſofter Pleaſures crown my Hours,
And revel in Delight.

Æth. How! At that Hour! [*Starting.*
Ha!—— In Enjoyment! Can that be?

Eur. It muſt.
Fierce for the Joy, in Secret, and alone
I'll ſteal upon my Love.

Æth. Stay! that were well!
Alone you muſt——

Eur. None but the conſcious Prieſt———
That too muſt be thy Care, to chuſe one faithful,
One for the Purpoſe fit.

Æth. Moſt worthy Office! [*Aſide*
One to your Wiſh, try'd in theſe pious Secrets,
My Friend of ancient Date, is now in *Ithaca*;
Him ſworn to Secrecy, and well prepar'd,
I will inſtruct to wait you with the Queen.

Eur. Then be propitious, Love!

Æth. And thou, Revenge!
Shoot all thy Fires, and wake my ſlumb'ring Rage,
Let my paſt Wrongs, let Indignation raiſe
My Age to emulate my youthful Praiſe,
Let the ſtern Purpoſe of my Heart ſucceed,
Let Riot, Luſt, and proud Injuſtice bleed.
Grant me but this, ye Gods, who favour Right,
I ask no other Bliſs nor fond Delight,
Nor envy Thee, O King, thy Bridal Night.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Æthon, Mentor *and* Eumæus.

Æth. IF Virtue be abandon'd, loſt and gone,
No matter for the Means that wrought the Ruin;
Whether the Pomp of Pleaſure danc'd before her,
Alluring to the Senſe, or dreadful Danger
Came arm'd with all its Terrors to the Onſet,
She ſhould have held the Battel to the laſt,
Undaunted, yieldleſs, firm, and dy'd or conquer'd.

Men. Think on what hard, on what unequal Terms
Virtue, betray'd within by Woman's Weakneſs,
Beſet without with mighty Fears and Flatteries,
Maintains the doubtful Conflict——Sure if any
Have kept the Holy Marriage-Bed inviolate,
If all our *Grecian* Wives are not like *Hellen*,
That praiſe the Queen my Royal Miſtreſs merits.

Eum. And oh impute not one unheeded Word,
Forc'd from her in the bittereſt Pangs of Sorrow,
When fierce conflicting Paſſions ſtrove within,
Like all the Winds at once let looſe upon the Main,
When wild Diſtraction rul'd——Oh urge not that,
A Blemiſh on her fair, her matchleſs Fame.

Æth. Oh *Mentor*, and *Eumæus*, faithful Pair!
To whom my Life, my Honour, all I truſt,
Theſe Eyes beheld her yielding——Curſed Object!
Beheld her in the *Samian* King's Embrace;
The Sight of Hell, of baleful *Acheron*
That rowls his livid Waves around the Damn'd,

Roaring and yelling on the farther Shore,
Was not ſo terrible, ſo irkſome to me,
As when I ſaw his Arms infold *Penelope*.
I heard the fatal Compact for to Night.
The Joys which he propos'd, nor ſhe deny'd----
But ſee ſhe comes ————

Men. How much unlike a Bride!

Enter the Queen.

Behold her Tears, ſee comfortleſs Affliction,
Anguiſh, and helpleſs, deſolate Misfortune
Writ in her Face.

Æth. Retire; I wou'd obſerve her.

[Men. *and* Eum. *retire to the back Part of the Stage.*

Qu. And doſt thou only weep? Shall that put off
Th' approaching Hour of Shame, or ſave thy Son?
Thou weep'ſt, and yet the ſetting Sun deſcends
Swift to the Weſtern Waves, and guilty Night,
Haſty to ſpread her Horrors o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air,————And now it comes,
The fatal Moment comes, ev'n that dread Time
When Witches meet to gather Herbs on Graves,
When diſcontented Ghoſts forſake their Tombs,
And ghaſtly roam about, and doleful Groan,
And hark! the Screech-Owl ſcreams, and beats the Window
With deadly Wings—And hark!—More dreadful yet,
Like *Thracian Tereus* to unhappy *Philomel*,
The furious Bridegroom comes—The Tyrant! Raviſher!
And ſee! The Shade of my much injur'd Lord
Starts up to blaſt me!—Hence!—Begon, you Horrors,
For I will hide me in the Arms of Death,

And

And think on you no more—That Traytor here!
[*Seeing* Æthon.

Æth. Hail, beauteous Queen! The God of Love ſalutes thee,
And thus by great *Eurymachus* he ſpeaks:
Be Sorrow and Misfortune on thy Foes,
But let thy Days be crown'd with ſmiling Peace,
Content, and everlaſting Joy dwell with thee.

Qu. Com'ſt thou to greet me with the Sounds of Joy?
Thou Meſſenger of Fate! —— So the hoarſe Raven
Croaks o'er the Manſion of the dying Man,
And often warns him with this diſmal Note,
To think upon his Tomb.

Æth. Or I miſtook,
Or I was bid to treat of gentler Matters,
Kindly to ask at what auſpicious Hour,
Your Royal Bridegroom and the Prieſt ſhould wait you.

Qu. Too well my boding Heart foretold thy Tydings.——————
Now what Reply?——There is no Room for Choice,
'Tis one Degree of Infamy to doubt,
What muſt be muſt be——————Let me then reſolve,
'Tis only thus—no more—and I am free. [*Aſide.*
Say to the *Samian* King, thy Maſter, thus;
When *Menelaus* and the Fate of *Greece*
Summon'd my Lord to *Troy*, he left behind him
None worthy of his Place in Love or Empire.

Æth. How, Lady!——Whither points her Meaning now? [*Aſide.*

Qu. Say too, I've held his Merit in the Balance,
But find the Price of Honour ſo much greater,
That 'twere an Ideot's Bargain to exchange 'em;
Yet tell him too, I have my Sex's Weakneſs,

I have a Mother's Fondneſs in my Eyes,
And all her tender Paſſions in my Heart.

Æth. Ay, there! 'Tis there ſhe's loſt! [*Aſide.*

Qu. Nor can I bear
To ſee what more, far more than Life I joy in,
My only Pledge of Love, my Lord's dear Image,
My Son by bloody Hands mangled and murder'd;
(Oh terrible to Nature!) Therefore one,
One Remedy alone is left to ſave me,
To ſhield me from a Sight of ſo much Horror,
And tell *Eurymachus*, I find it — here.

[*She offers to ſtab her ſelf;* Æthon *catches hold of her Arm and prevents her.*

Æth. Forbid it, Gods! periſh the Tyrant rather,
Let *Samos* be no more.

Qu. Off! Off, thou Traitor!
Give way to my juſt Rage!——Oh tardy Hand!
To what haſt thou betray'd me! Let me go,
Oh let me, let me die, or I will curſe thee,
Till Hell ſhall tremble at my Imprecations,
Till Heav'n ſhall blaſt thee——loſt!—— undone for ever.

Æth. Oh Trifler that I am! *Mentor*! *Eumæus*!

[*They come forward.*

Come to my Aid!——Be calm but for a Moment,
And wait to ſee what Wonders it will ſhew thee.
Guard her upon your Lives, remember that,
Guard her from ev'ry Inſtrument of Death,
Sooth and aſſwage her Grief, 'till my Return
Unfold the mighty Secret of her Fate,
And once more reconcile her Soul to Peace. [*Ex.* Æthon.

Qu. And are you too my Foes? have you conſpir'd
And join'd with that falſe *Æthon* to betray me?
Here ſit thee down then, humbly in the Duſt,

Here

Here ſit, a poor, forlorn, abandon'd Woman;
Caſt not thy Eyes up to yon' azure Firmament,
Nor hope Relief from thence, the Gods are pityleſs,
Or buſie in their Heav'n, and thou not worth their Care;
And oh! oh! caſt 'em not on Earth, to ſeek
For Succour from the faithleſs Race of Man;
But as thou art forſaken and alone,
Hope not for Help, where there is none to help thee,
But think 'tis Deſolation all about thee.

Men. Far be that Thought, to think you are forſaken;
Gods and good Men ſhall make you ſtill their Care.
And oh! far be it from your faithful Servants,
For all thoſe Honours mad Ambition toils for,
For all the Wealth that bribes the World to Wickedneſs,
For Hopes or Fears, for Pleaſures or for Pains,
To leave our Royal Miſtreſs in Diſtreſs.

Eum. At length Time's Fulneſs comes, and that great Period,
For which ſo many tedious Years rowl'd round,
At length the white, the ſmiling Minute comes,
To wipe the Tears from thoſe fair Eyes for ever;
That Good we daily pray'd for, but pray'd hopeleſs,
That Good, which ev'n the Preſcience of the Gods
(So doubtfully was it ſet down in Fate,)
Uncertainly foreſaw, and darkly promis'd,
That Good, one Day, the happieſt of our Lives,
Freely and fortunately brings to paſs.

Men. And hark! vindictive *Jove* prepares his Thunder;
[*Thunders.*
Let the Wrong-doer and the Tyrant tremble;
The Gods are preſent with us——And behold!
The ſolid Gloom of Night is rent aſunder,

While Floods of dazling, pure ætherial Light,
Break in upon the Shades—She comes, She comes!
Pallas, the Fautreſs of my Maſter's Arms,
And ſee where terrible in Arms, Majeſtick,
Celeſtial and ineffably effulgent,
She ſhakes her dreadful *Ægis* from the Clouds!
Bend, bend to Earth, and own the preſent Deity.
[*It Thunders again.*

[*The Scene opens above, and diſcovers* Pallas *in the Clouds.* [*They kneel.*

Eum. Daughter of mighty *Jove*, *Tritonian Pallas*,
Be favourable! oh!——oh! be propitious,
And ſave the ſinking Houſe of thy *Ulyſſes*.

Men. Goddeſs of Arts and Arms, thou blue-ey'd Maid,
Be favourable! oh!——oh! be propitous,
And glad thy Suppliants with ſome chearful Omen.

Qu. Virgin, begot and born of *Jove* alone,
Chaſte, Wiſe, Victorious, if by thy Aſſiſtance
The *Greeks* were well aveng'd on Perjur'd *Troy*,
If by thy Aid, my Lord from *Thracian Rheſus*
Obtain'd his ſnowy Steeds, and brought ſucceſsful
Thy fatal Image to the Tents of *Greece*;
Once more be favourable——be propitious,
Reſtore my Lord——Or if that be deny'd,
Grant me to ſhare his Fate, and die with Honour.

[*Thunder again--The Scene cloſes above---They riſe.*]

Men. The Goddeſs ſmiles---Moſt happy be the Omen!
And to the Left auſpicious rowls the Thunder.

Enter Æthon, *or* Ulyſſes, *without his Diſguiſe, magnificently Arm'd and Habited.*

Qu. What other God art thou?——Oh ſacred Form!
I dream I rave!----Why put'ſt thou on this Semblance?

What

What ſhall I call thee?——Say, ſpeak, anſwer me.
[*She advances two or three Steps looking amazedly.*
Son of *Laertes*! King! My Lord!——*Ulyſſes*!
Ulyſſ. Why doſt thou gaze?——Am I ſo dreadful ſtill?
Is there ſo much of *Æthon* ſtill about me?
Or haſt thou—is it poſſible-- forgot me?
Do's not thy Heart acknowledge ſomething here?
Qu. Nay 'tis, 'tis moſt impoſſible to Reaſon.
But what have I to do with Thought or Reaſon?
Thus Mad, Diſtracted, raging with my Joy,
I'll ruſh upon thee, claſp thee to my Boſom,
And if it be Deluſion, let me die,
Here let me ſink to everlaſting Reſt,
Juſt here, and never never think again.
Ulyſſ. No, live thou great Example of thy Sex:
Live for the World, for me, and for thy ſelf.
Unnumber'd Bleſſings, Honours, Years of Happineſs,
Crowns from the Gods, enrich'd with brighteſt Stars,
All Heav'n and Earth united in Applauſe,
Wait, with Officious Duty, to reward thee.
Live to enjoy ev'n all thou haſt deſerv'd,
That fulneſs of Delight, of which theſe Arms
And this tranſporting Moment gives thee Earneſt.
Qu. I gaze upon thy Face, and ſee thee here,
The ſullen Pow'rs below, who rule the dead,
Have liſten'd to my Weeping, and relented,
Have ſent thee from *Elyſium* back to me;
Or from the Deep, from Sea-green *Neptune*'s Seats
Thou'rt riſen like the Day-Star, or from Heav'n
Some God has brought thee on the Wings of Winds;
Oh Ecſtacy!---But all that I can know,
Is that I wake and live, and thou art here,

Ulyſſ. *Troy*, I forgive thee now, ye Toils and Perils
Of my paſt Life, well are you paid at once.
For this the faithleſs *Syrens* ſung in vain,
For this I ſcap'd the Den of monſtrous *Polypheme*,
Fled from *Calypſo*'s Bonds, and *Circe*'s Charms,
For this ſeven Days, and ſeven long Winter Nights,
Shipwrack'd I floated on a driving Maſt;
Toſt by the Surge, pierc'd by the bitter Blaſts
Of bleak North-Winds, and drench'd in the chill Wave,
I ſtrove with all the Terrors of the Deep.

Qu. Yes thou haſt born it all, I know thou haſt,
Theſe Wars, Winds, Magick, Monſters, all for me.
Bleſt be the gracious Gods that gave thee to me!
Say then! Oh how ſhall I reward thy Labours?
But I will ſit and liſten to thy Story,
While thou recount'ſt it o'er; and when thou ſpeak'ſt
Of Difficulties hard and near to Death,
I'll pity thee, and anſwer with my Tears;
But when thou com'ſt to ſay how the Gods ſav'd thee,
And how thy Virtue ſtruggl'd through the Danger,
For Joy, I'll fold thee thus with ſoft Endearments,
And crown thy Conqueſt with Ten Thouſand Kiſſes.

Ulyſſ. It is a heavy and a rueful Tale,
But thou wilt kindly ſhare with me in all Things:
It ſhall be told thee then, whate'er I ſuffer'd,
Since, in a luckleſs Hour, I firſt ſet out,
Ev'n to that time, when ſcarce twice ten Days paſt,
As from *Phæacia* homeward bound to *Ithaca*,
A Storm o'ertook and wrack'd me on the Coaſt;
Alone and Naked was I caſt a-ſhore,
And only to theſe faithful Two made known,
Till *Jove* ſhou'd point me out ſome Opportunity,

Once

Once more to ſeize my Right in thee and Empire.

Men. 'Tis hard, injurious, an Offence to Virtue,
To interrupt your Joys, ye Royal Pair,
But oh forgive your faithful Servant's Caution,
Think where you are, what Eyes malicious Chance
May bring to pry into the happy Secret,
Untimely to diſcloſe the fatal Birth,
And raſhly bring it immature to Light.

Ulyſſ. Mentor, thou warn'ſt us well—Retire, my Love.

Qu. What, muſt we part already?

Ulyſſ. For a Moment,
Like Waves divided by the gliding Bark,
That meet again, and mingle as before.

Qu. Be ſure it be not longer.

Ulyſſ. Sweet, it ſha' not,
I'll meet thee ſoon, and bring our mutual Bleſſing,
Our Son t'increaſe the Joy.

Qu. I muſt obey you.
Remember well how long thou haſt been abſent,
And what a poor Amends this ſhort Enjoyment makes me.
Oh I ſhall die with ſtrong deſire to ſee thee,
Shall think this one impatient Minute more,
Than all thy long, long Twenty Years before. [*Exit Queen.*

Enter at the other Door Telemachus.

Tel. The Queen my Mother, paſt ſhe not this Way?

Men. She did, my Lord, ev'n now.

Tel. Saw you not too
The *Samian* Princeſs, fair *Semanthe*, with her?
Say, went they not together?

Ulyſſ. Might I ſpeak,

I think

I think it is not fit they were together;
For wherefore ſhou'd the Queen of *Ithaca*
Hold Commerce with the Daughter of *Eurymachus*?
Pardon me, Sir, I fear you are offended,
And think this Boldneſs does not fit a Stranger.

Tel. 'Tis true thou art a Stranger to my Eyes,
And yet, methought, thou ſpok'ſt with *Æthon*'s Voice,
Save, that th' untoward Purpoſe of thy Words
Seem'd harſh, ungentle, and not like my Friend.

Ulyſſ. Whate'er I ſeem, believe me, princely Youth,
Thou haſt not one, one dear ſelected Mate,
That ought ſtand before me in thy Heart;
Tho' from your tender Infancy 'till now,
He dwelt within thy Boſom, thou in his,
Tho' ev'ry Year has knit the Band more cloſe,
Tho' Variance never knew you, but complying
Each ever yielded to the other's Wiſhes,
Tho' you have toil'd and reſted, laugh'd and mourn'd,
And ran thro' every part of Life together,
Tho' he was all thy Joy, and thou all his,
Yet ſure he never lov'd thee more than I do.

Tel. Whoe'er thou art, (for tho' thou ſtill art *Æthon*,
Thou art not he, but ſomething more and greater,)
I feel the Force of ev'ry Word thou ſpeak'ſt,
My Soul is aw'd with reverential Fear,
A Fear not irkſome, for 'tis mix'd with Love,
Ev'n ſuch a Fear as that we worſhip Heav'n with;
Oh Pardon if I err, for if thou art not
Æthon, my Father's Friend, thou art ſome God.

Ulyſſ. If barely to have been thy Father's Friend
Cou'd move thee to ſuch tender, juſt Regards,

Thus,

Thus, let me thus indulge thy filial Virtue,
[*Embracing him.*
Thus preſs thee in my Arms, my Pious Son,
And while my ſwelling Heart runs o'er with Joy,
Thus tell thee, that I am, I am thy Father.
Tel. Oh moſt amazing!———
Men. Yes, my Royal Charge,
At length behold thy God-like Sire, *Ulyſſes.*
Bleſt be my Age, with all its Cares and Sorrows,
Since it is lengthen'd out to ſee this Day,
To give thee back, thou dear entruſted Pledge,
Thus worthy as thou art, to thy great Father's Arms.
Tel. Oh 'tis moſt certain ſo, my Heart confeſſes him,
My Blood and Spirits, all the Pow'rs of Life,
Acknowledge here the Spring from whence they came.
Then let me bow me, caſt me at his Feet,
There pay the humble Homage of my Duty,
There wet the Earth before him with my Tears,
The faithful Witneſſes of Love and Joy,
And when my Tongue for Rapture can no more,
Silent, with lifted Eyes, I'll praiſe the Gods,
Who gave me back my King, my Lord, my Father.
Ulyſſ. Oh riſe, thou Offſpring of my Nuptial Joys,
Son of my Youth, and Glory of my Strength,
Rob not thy Father's Arms of ſo much Treaſure,
But let us meet, as *Jove* and Nature meant us,
Thus, like a Pair of very faithful Friends:
(And tho' I made harſh Mention of thy Love,
Oh droop not at the Name) By blue-ey'd *Pallas*
I meant it not in angry, chiding Mood;
But with a tender and a fond Concern

Reminded

Reminded thee of what thou ow'ſt to Honour.
Tel. When I forget it, may the worſt Afflictions,
Your Scorn, your Hate, and Infamy o'ertake me;
Be that th' important Buſ'neſs of my Life,
Let me be task'd to hunt for it thro' Danger,
Thro' all the Roar of the tumultuous Battel,
And dreadful din of Arms; there if I fail,
May Cowards ſay I'm not *Ulyſſes'* Son,
And the great Author of our Race diſclaim me.
Ulyſſ. Oh Nobleneſs innate! Oh Worth divine!
Ætherial Sparks! that ſpeak the Hero's Lineage,
How are you pleaſing to me?——So the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandſire *Jove*,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forſake the Neſt, to try his tender Pinions,
In the wide untract Air; 'till bolder grown
Now like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;
Or fixing on ſome Dragon's ſcaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feaſt,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Writhing his ſpiry Tail.
Tel. I wou'd be active,
Get me a Name diſtinguiſh'd from the Herd
Of common Men, a Name worthy my Birth.
Ulyſſ. Nor ſhalt thou want th' Occaſion, now it courts thee,
Stands ready, and demands thy Courage now.
Were I indeed as other Fathers are,
Did I but liſten to ſoft Nature's Voice,
I ſhou'd not urge thee to this high Exploit,
For tho' it brings thee Fame, it brings thee Danger.

Tel.

Tel. Now by the God of War ſo much the better,
Let there be Honour for your Son to win,
And be the Danger ne'er ſo rude and deadly,
No matter, 'twill enhance the Prize the more,
And make it lovely in a brave Man's Eye;
So *Hydra's* and *Chimera's* form'd in Gold,
Sit graceful underneath the nodding Plume,
And terribly adorn the Soldier's Helm.

Ulyſſ. Know then, on this important Night depends
The very *Criſis* of our Fate; to-Night,
The ſleeping Vengeance of the Gods ſhall wake,
And ſpeak Confuſion to our Foes in Thunder,
Juſtice entruſts her Sword to this right Hand,
And I will ſee it faithfully employ'd.

Tel. By Virtue and by Arms 'tis noble Work,
I burn impatient for it——Oh my Father,
Give me my Portion of the glorious Labour.

Ulyſſ. One more immediate Danger threats thy Mother,
That to avert, muſt be thy pious Care;
While *Mentor*, with *Eumæus* and our ſelf,
Back'd by a choſen Band, (whom how prepar'd,
How gather'd to our Aid, the preſſing Hour
Allows not now to tell,) invade your Drunkards,
Immerſt in Riot, careleſs, and defying
The Gods as Fables, ſtart upon 'em ſudden,
And ſend their guilty Souls to howl below,
Upon the Banks of *Styx*; While this is doing,
Dar'ſt thou defend thy Mother?

Tel. Oh! to Death,
Againſt united Nations wou'd I ſtand
Her Soldier, her Defence, my ſingle Breaſt
Oppos'd againſt the Rage of their whole War;

She is ſo good, ſo worthy to be fought for,
The ſacred Cauſe wou'd make my Sword ſucceſsful,
And gain my Youth a mighty Name in Arms.

Ulyſſ. Then prove the Peril, and enjoy the Fame.
E're the Mid-hour of rowling Night approach,
Remember well to plant thee at that Door,
Thou know'ſt it opens to the Queen's Apartment.
To bind thee yet more firm; for oh my Son,

[*Drawing his Sword.*

With powerful Oppoſition ſhalt thou ſtrive,
Swear on my Sword, by thy own filial Piety,
By all our Race, by *Pallas* and by *Jove*,
If any of theſe curſed Foreign Tyrants,
Thoſe Rivals of thy Father's Love and Honour,
Shall dare to paſs thro' that forbidden Entrance,
To take his Forfeit Life for the Intruſion.

Tel. I ſwear ——— And may my Lot in future Fame

[Telemachus *kneels and kiſſes the Sword.*

Be good or Evil but as I perform it.

Ulyſſ. Enough —— I do believe thee.

Men. Hark! my Lord!

[*A confuſed Noiſe is heard within.*

How loud the Tempeſt roars! The bellowing Voice
Of wild enthuſiaſtick raging Mirth,
With Peals of Clamour ſhakes the vaulted Roof.

Tel. Such ſurely is the Sound of mighty Armies
In Battel join'd, of Cities ſack'd at Midnight,
Of many Waters, and united Thunders;
My gen'rous Soul takes fire, and half repines,
To think ſhe muſt not ſhare the glorious Danger,
Where Numbers wait you, worthy of your Swords.

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. No more, thou haſt thy Charge, look well to that;
For theſe, theſe riotous Sons of Noiſe and Uproar,
I know their Force, and know I am *Ulyſſes*.
So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of *Atoms*,
And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
But Diſcord and Confuſion troubled all;
Calm and ſerene upon his Throne he ſate,
Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate,
Safe in himſelf, becauſe he knew his Pow'r;
And knowing what he was, he knew he was ſecure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Telemachus *and* Antinous.

Ant. THE King return'd? So long conceal'd in *Ithaca*?
Æthon the King? What Words can ſpeak my Wonder?

Tel. Yes, my *Antinous*, 'tis moſt amazing,
'Tis all the mighty working of the Gods,
Unſearchable and dark to human Eyes:
But oh, let me conjure thee by our Friendſhip,
Since to thy faithful Breaſt alone I've truſted
The fatal Secret, to preſerve it ſafe,
As thou wou'dſt do the Life of thy *Telemachus*.

Ant. Wrong not the Truth of your devoted Slave,
To think he wou'd betray you for whole Worlds.
Have you not ſaid it, that your own dear Life,

And

And all your Royal Race, depends upon it?
Far from my Lips, within my Breaſt I'll keep it;
Nor breath it ſoftly to my ſelf alone,
Leſt ſome officious murmuring Wind ſhould tell it,
And babbling Eccho's catch the feeble Sound.

Tel. No, thou art true, ſuch have I ever found thee;
But haſte, my Friend, and ſummon to thy Aid
What Force the ſhortneſs of the Time allows thee;
Then with thy ſwifteſt Diligence return,
Since, as I urg'd to thee before, it may
Import the Safety of my Royal Parents.
Some black Deſign is by theſe Stranger-Princes
Contriv'd againſt the Honour of the Queen.

Ant. E're Night a buſie Rumour ran around
Of armed Parties ſecretly diſpos'd
Between the Palace-Gardens and the Sea;
Bold *Cleon* ſtrait and *Arcas* I diſpatch'd
To ſearch the Truth; that known, with haſte to raiſe
And arm our Citizens for your Defence:
E're this they have obey'd me; when I've join'd
The Pow'r their Diligence has drawn together,
I'll wait you here again upon the Inſtant.

[*Exit* Antinous.

Tel. Oh Love, how are thy precious, ſweeteſt Minutes
Thus ever croſt, thus vext with Diſappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleneſs, fantaſtick Quarrels
And ſullen Coldneſs give us Pain by turns;
Malicious medling Chance is ever buſie
To bring us Fears, Diſquiet, and Delays;
And ev'n at laſt, when after all our waiting,
Eager, we think to ſnatch the dear-bought Bliſs,
Ambition calls us to its ſullen Cares,
And Honour ſtern, impatient of Neglect,

Com-

Commands us to forget our Eaſe and Pleaſures;
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Buſ'neſs of our Lives.

Enter Eurymachus.

Eur. The Prince yet here! Twice have I ſought ſince Night,
To paſs in private to the Queen's Apartment,
But found him ſtill attending at the Door;
What can it mean?

Tel. It is *Semanthe*'s Father!
Ha! —— Sure the Gods, in pity of our Loves,
Have deſtin'd him to 'ſcape *Ulyſſes*' Vengeance.

Eur. How comes it, gentle Youth, when Wine and Mirth
Chear ev'ry Heart to Night, and baniſh Care,
I find thee penſively alone, avoiding
The Pleaſures and Companions of thy Youth,
And like the ſighing Slave of Sorrow, waſting
The tedious Time in melancholy Thought?

Tel. Behold the Ruins of my Royal Houſe,
My Father's Abſence, and my Mother's Grief,
Then tell me if I have not Cauſe too great
To mourn, to pine away my Youth in Sadneſs.

Eur. Our Daughter once was wont to ſhare your Thoughts;
Believe me, ſhe has Reaſon to complain,
If you prefer your Solitude to her;
While here you ſtay, diſconſolate and muſing,
Lonely ſhe ſits, the tender hearted Maid,
And kindly thinks of you, and mourns your Abſence.

Tel. The conſtant, faithful Service of my Life,
My Days and Nights devoted all to her,
Poorly repay the fair *Semanthe*'s Goodneſs:

Yet

Yet they are hers, ev'n all my Years are hers,
My preſent Youth, my future Age is hers,
All but this Night, which here I've ſworn to paſs,
Revolving many a ſad and heavy Thought,
And ruminating on my wretched Fortunes.

Eur. How! here!——to paſs it here!——

Tel. Ev'n here, my Lord.

Eur. Fantaſtick Accident!——Whence cou'd this come? [*Aſide.*

Well, Sir, purſue your Thoughts; I have ſome Matters
Of great and high Import, which on the Inſtant
I muſt deliver to the Queen, your Mother.

Tel. Whate'er it be, you muſt of Force delay it
'Till Morning.

Eur. How, delay it!——'tis impoſſible.
But wherefore?——Say.

Tel. The Queen is gone to Reſt,
Oppreſt and waſted with the Toil of Sorrows,
Weary as miſerable painful Hinds,
That labour all the Day to get 'em Food,
She ſeeks ſome Eaſe, ſome Interval of Cares,
From the kind God of Sleep, and ſweet Repoſe.
E're ſhe retir'd ſhe left moſt ſtrict Command,
None ſhou'd approach her 'till the Morning's Dawn.

Eur. Whate'er thoſe Orders were, I have my Reaſons
To think my ſelf excepted:——And whoe'er
Brought you the Meſſage, through officious Haſte
Miſtook the Queen, and has inform'd you wrong.

Tel. Not ſo, my Lord; for as I honour Truth,
Ev'n from her ſelf did I receive the Charge.

Eur. Vexation and Delay!—Then 'tis thy own,
Thy Error, and thou heard'ſt not what ſhe ſaid.
I tell thee, Prince, 'tis at her own Requeſt,

Her

Her Bidding, that at this appointed Hour
I wait her here, detain me then no more
With tedious vain Replies, for I muſt paſs.
Tel. Were it to any but *Semanthe*'s Father,
That Miſtreſs of my Reaſon and my Paſſions,
Who charming both makes both ſubmit alike,
Perhaps I ſhou'd in rougher Terms have anſwer'd.
But here imperious Love demands Reſpect,
Conſtrains my Temper, to my Speech gives Law,
And I muſt only ſay You cannot paſs.
Eur. Ha!——— Who ſhall bar me?
Tel. With the gentleſt Words
Which Reverence and Duty can invent
I will intreat you not to do a Violence,
Where nought is meant to you but worthieſt Honour.
Eur. Oh trifling, idle Talker!——know, my Purpoſe
Is not of ſuch a light, fantaſtick Nature,
That I ſhou'd quit it for a Boy's Intreaty.
More than my Life or Empire it imports,
All that good Fortune or the Gods can do for me
Depends upon it, and I will have Entrance.
Tel. Nay then 'tis time to ſpeak like what I am,
And tell you, Sir, you muſt not, nor you ſha' not.
Eur. 'Twere ſafer for thy raſh, unthinking Youth
To ſtand the Mark of Thunder, than to thwart me;
Beware leſt I forget thy Mother's Tears,
The Merit of her ſoft complying Sorrows,
Dreadful in Fury leſt I ruſh upon thee,
Graſp thy frail Life, and break it like a Bubble,
To be diſſolv'd, and mixt with common Air,
Tel. Oh 'tis long ſince that I have learnt to hold
My Life from none, but from the Gods who gave it,

Nor

Nor mean to render it on any Terms,
Unleſs thoſe Heav'nly Donors ask it back.

Eur. Know'ſt thou what 'tis to tempt a Rage like mine?
But liſten to me, and repent thy Folly.
This Night, this Night ordain'd of old for Bliſs,
Mark'd from the reſt of the revolving Year,
And ſet apart for Happineſs by Fate,
The charming Queen, thy Mother, is my Bride.

Tel. Confuſion! Curſes on the Tongue that ſpoke it!

Eur. To Night ſhe yields, ev'n for thy ſake ſhe yields:
To Night the lovely Miſer grown indulgent
Reveals her Stores of Beauty long reſerv'd,
She bids me revel with the hidden Treaſure,
And pay my ſelf for all her Years of Coldneſs.

Tel. Perdition on the Falſhood!

Eur. Dare not then
To croſs my Tranſports longer; if thou doſt,
By all the Pangs of diſappointed Love, [*Drawing.*
I'll force my Way, thus through thy Heart's boſt Blood.

Tel. How is my Piety and Virtue loſt,
And all the Heav'nly Fire extinct within me!
I hear the ſacred Name of her that bore me
Traduc'd, diſhonour'd by a Ruffian's Tongue.
And am I tame!——Love, and ye ſofter Thoughts,
I give you to the Winds.——Know, King of *Samos*,
Thy Breath, like peſtilential Blaſts, infects
The Air, and grows offenſive to the Gods:
If thou but whiſper one Word more, one Accent
Againſt my Mother's Fame, it is thy laſt.

Eur.

Eur. Brav'd by a Boy!——a Boy!——the Nurſe's Milk
Yet moiſt upon his Lip,——feeble in Infancy,
Eſſaying the firſt Rudiments of Manhood,
With Strength unpractis'd yet, and unconfirm'd.
Oh Shame to Arms!——But I have born too long,
Fly ſwift, avoid the Tempeſt of my Fury,
Or thus I'll pour it in a Whirlwind on thee,
Daſh thee to Atoms thus, and toſs thee round the World.

Tel. I laugh at all that Rage, and thus I meet it.

[*They fight.*

Eur. Hell and Confuſion!——to thy Heart.——

Tel. To thine
This Greeting I return,——

Eur. The Furies ſeize thee, [Eurymachus *falls.*
Thou haſt ſtruck me to the Earth, blaſted my Hopes,
The partial Gods are leagu'd with thee againſt me,
To load me with Diſhonour——oh my Fortune!
Where is my Name in Arms, the boaſted Trophies
Of my paſt Life for ever loſt, defac'd,
And raviſh'd from me by a beardleſs Stripling.

Tel. What means this ſoft Relenting in my Soul?
What Voice is this that ſadly whiſpers to me,
Behold *Semanthe*'s Father bleeds to Death?
Why would you urge me? [*To* Eurymachus.

Eur. Off, and come not near me,
But let me curſe my Fate, and die contented.

Tel. And ſee he ſinks yet paler to the Earth,
The Purple Torrent guſhes out impetuous,
And with a guilty Deluge ſtains the Ground:
No help at Hand! what ho!——*Antinous.* [*Exit.*

Eur.

Eur. Let there be none, no Witneſs of my Shame,
Nor let officious Art preſume to offer
Its Aid, for I have liv'd too long already.

Enter Semanthe.

Sem. Sure I have ſtaid too long, and while I ſate
Sadly attentive to the weeping Queen,
Hearing her tell of Sorrows upon Sorrows,
Ev'n to a amentable length of Woe,
Th' appointed Hour of Love paſs'd by unheeded;
My Lord perhaps will chide; oh no!—He's gentle,
And will not urge me with my firſt Offence.
Juſt as I enter'd here the Bird of Night
Ill-boading ſhriek'd, and ſtrait, methought, I heard
A low complaining Voice, that ſeem'd to murmur
At ſome hard Fate, and groan to be reliev'd.
Ye gracious Gods, be good to my *Telemachus!*

Eur. Ha! What art thou that doſt thy Hoſtile Oriſons
Offer to Heav'n for my Mortal Foe?

Sem. Guardians of Innocence, ye holy Pow'rs,
Defend me, ſave me.

Eur. Art thou not *Semanthe*?

Sem. My Father!———On the Ground!———Bloody and Pale! [*Running to him, and kneeling by him.*
Oh Horror! Horror!---Speak to me---Say who----
What curſed Hand has done this dreadful Deed?
That with my Cries I may call out for Juſtice,
Call to the Gods, and to my dear *Telemachus*,
For Juſtice on my Royal Father's Murderer.

Eur. If there be yet one God will liſten to thee,
Sollicit him, that only equal Power,
To rain down Plagues, and Fire, and ſwift Deſtruction,

Ev'n

Ev'n all his whole Artillery of Vengeance,
On him, who, aided by my adverſe Stars,
Robb'd me of Glory, Love, and Life —— *Telemachus.*
Sem. What ſays my Father!---no!---it is impoſſible!
He could not----would not---for *Semanthe*'s ſake——

Enter Telemachus.

Tel. Alas!——there is none near——no Help — *Semanthe!* [*Crying out*
Eur. And ſee he bears the Trophy of his Conqueſt;
Behold his Sword yet reeking with my Blood,
Then doubt no more, nor ask whom thou ſhou'dſt curſe;
It is *Telemachus* — on whom revenge me,
But on *Telemachus*——Why do I leave thee
A helpleſs Orphan in a Foreign Land,
But for *Telemachus*? Who tears me from thee?
Telemachus — Why is thy King and Father
Stretch'd on the Earth a cold and lifeleſs Coarſe,
Inglorious and forgotten——Oh! *Telemachus!* [*Dies.*
Sem. Cruel!----unkind and cruel!----
[*She faints, and falls upon the Body of* Eurymachus.
Tel. She faints,
Her Cheeks are cold, and the laſt leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids----wake, wake, *Semanthe*,
Oh let me raiſe thee from this Seat of Death;
[*Raiſing her up, and ſupporting her in his Arms.*
Lift up thy Eyes----Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Sem. Let me forget the Uſe of ev'ry Senſe,
Let me not ſee, nor hear, nor ſpeak again
After that Sight, and thoſe moſt dreadful Sounds.
Where am I now?----What!----lodg'd within thy Arms!
Stand off, and let me fly from thee for ever,

Swifter than Lightning, Winds or winged Time;
Fly from thee 'till there be whole Worlds to part us,
'Till Nature fix her Barriers to divide us,
Her frozen Regions, and her burning Zones,
'Till Danger, Death and Hell do ſtand betwixt us,
And make it Fate that we ſhall never meet.

Tel. 'Tis juſt; I own thy Rage is juſt, *Semanthe*;
Each fatal Circumſtance is ſtrong againſt me;
Then if thy Heart ſeverely is reſolv'd
Never to liſten when I plead for Mercy,
Tho' Piety and Honour join with Love,
And humbly at thy Feet make Interceſſion:
If thou art deaf to all, then this alone
Is left me, to receive my Doom, and die.

Sem. Are Love, are Piety and Honour Parricides?
Are they like thee? Do they delight in Blood?
Oh no! Celeſtial Sweetneſs dwells with them,
Friendly Forgiveneſs, Gentleneſs and Peace,
Mercy and Joy; but thou haſt violated
The Sacred Train, brought Murther in amongſt 'em:
And ſee, diſpleas'd, to Heav'n they take their Flight,
And have abandon'd thee and me for ever.

Tel. If ſudden Fury have not chang'd thee quite,
If there be any of *Semanthe* left,
One tender Thought of that dear Maid remaining,
Yet, I conjure thee, hear me.

Sem. 'Tis in vain,
And that known Voice can never charm me more.

Tel. Be Witneſs for me, Heav'n, with what Reluctance,
My Hand was lifted for this Fatal Stroke,
With Injuries which Manhood could not brook,
With Violence, with proud inſulting Scorn,
And ignominious Threat'nings was I urg'd;

Long

Long, long, I ſtrove with riſing Indignation,
And long repreſs'd my ſwelling, youthful Rage;
I groan'd, and felt an Agony within:
'Twas hard indeed——but to my ſelf I ſaid,
It is *Semanthe*'s Father, and I'll bear it.

Sem. And cou'dſt thou do no more? Call'ſt thou theſe Sufferings?
Theſe ſhort, tumultuous, momentary Paſſions?
What would not I have born for thee, thou cruel one?
For thee, ſo fondly was my Heart ſet on thee,
Forgetful of my tender, helpleſs Sex,
I would have wander'd over the wide World,
Known all Calamities and all Diſtreſſes,
Sickneſs and Hunger, Cold and bitter Want;
For thee retir'd within ſome gloomy Cave,
I wou'd have waſted all my Days in Weeping,
And liv'd and dy'd a Wretch to make thee happy;
'Till I had been a Story to Poſterity;
'Till Maids, in After-times, had ſaid, Behold
How much ſhe ſuffer'd for the Man ſhe lov'd.

Tel. And is there any one, the moſt afflicting
Of all thoſe Miſeries Mankind is born to,
Which for thy ſake I would refuſe?---But oh!
Mine was a harder, a ſeverer Task;
The Queen, my Mother, truſted to my Charge,
My Royal Father's Honour, and my own.
The Pledges of eternal Fame or Infamy,
United urg'd, and call'd upon my Sword.

Sem. What is this vain, fantaſtick Pageant, Honour,
This buſy, angry thing, that ſcatters Diſcord
Among the mighty Princes of the Earth,
And ſets the madding Nations in an Uproar?
But let it be the Worſhip of the Great,

Well haſt thou warn'd me, and I'll make it mine;
Yes, Prince, its dread Command ſhall be obey'd,
Our *Samian* Arms ſhall pour Deſtruction on you,
Your yellow Harveſts and your Towns ſhall blaze,
The Sword ſhall rage, and univerſal Wailings
Be heard amongſt the Mothers of your *Ithaca*,
'Till War it ſelf grow weary and relent,
And that poor bleeding King be well reveng'd.

Tel. Haſte then, and let the Trumpet ſound to Arms,
Semanthe's Vengeance ſhall not be delay'd;
Prepare for Slaughter and wide-waſting Ruin,
Prepare to feel her Wrath, ye wretched *Ithacans*:
Lift not a Sword, nor bend a Bow againſt her,
But all like me, with low Submiſſion meet her,
And let us yield up our devoted Lives,
Nor once implore her Mercy—for alas!
Cruel *Semanthe* has forgot to pardon:
For Blood, Deſtruction and Revenge ſhe calls,
And Gentleneſs and Love are Strangers to her.

Sem. Love!—Did'ſt thou ſpeak of Love?—Oh ill-tim'd Thought!
Behold it there! behold the Love thou bear'ſt me!
[*Pointing to the Body of* Eurymachus.
Behold that! that!---more dreadful than *Meduſa*,
It drives my Soul back to her inmoſt Seats,
And freezes every ſtiff'ning Limb to Marble.
Seeſt thou that gaping Wound, and that black Blood
Congealing on that pale, that aſhy Breaſt?
Then mark the Face-----how Pain and Rage, with all
The Agonies of Death ſit freſh upon it:
This was my Father-----Was there none on Earth,
No Hand but thine?————

Tel. Within my own ſad Heart

I felt

I felt the Steel, before it reach'd to his.
How much the more happy is his Lot?——The Sleep
Of Death is on him, and he is in Peace;
While I, condemn'd to live, muſt mourn for him,
Mourn for my ſelf, and, to compleat my Woes,
Feel all thy Pains redoubled on *Telemachus*.
Sem. I know thou hat'ſt me, and that deadly Blow
Was meant to do a Murther on *Semanthe*.
But oh! it needed not, for thy Unkindneſs
Had been as fatal to me as thy Sword.
If one cold Look, one angry Word had told me,
That thou wert chang'd, and I was grown a Burthen to thee,
I ſhould have underſtood thy cruel Purpoſe,
Sate down to weep, and broke my Heart and dy'd.
Tel. It is too much, and I will bear no more;
Oh thou unjuſt, thou lovely falſe Accuſer,
How haſt thou wrong'd my tender, faithful Love,
In ſpight of all theſe Horrors of my Guilt,
And that malignant Fate that doom'd me to it;
In ſpight of all, I will appeal to thee
Ev'n to thy ſelf, inhuman as thou art,
If ever Maid was yet belov'd before thee
With ſuch Heart-aking, eager, anxious Fondneſs,
As that with which my Soul deſires my dear *Semanthe*.
Sem. Deteſted be the Name of Love for ever!
Henceforth let eaſy Maids be warn'd by me,
No more to truſt your Breaſts that heave with Sighing,
Your moving Accents, and your melting Eyes;
Whene'er you boaſt your Truth, then let 'em fly you,
Then ſcorn you, for 'tis then you mean Deceiving;
If yet there ſhould ſome fond Believer be,
Let the falſe Man betray the Wretch like thee,

Like thee, the loſt, repenting Fool diſclaim,
For Crowns, Ambition, and your Idol, Fame;
When warm, when languiſhing with ſweet Delight,
Wiſhing ſhe meets him, may he blaſt her Sight,
With ſuch a Murther on her Bridal Night. [*Exit.*

Tel. Now arm thee for the Conflict, oh my Soul,
And ſee how thou can'ſt bear *Semanthe*'s Loſs;
For ſhe is loſt—moſt certain———gone irrevocable,
Mentor nor *Æthon* now, my King, my Father
Shall need t'upbraid me with th'unhappy Paſſion;
Ha! that has wak'd a Thought---'Tis certain ſo,
And this is all the Work of cruel Policy:
The Danger of the Queen was from *Eurymachus*,
Therefore my Sword was choſen to oppoſe it,
That it might cut the Bands of Love aſunder;
Oh Dreamer that I was!———

Enter Antinous, Cleon *and* Arcas *with Soldiers.*

Ant. My Lord, where are you?
Thus to his Son, our King, the great *Ulyſſes*,
By me commands, Your Royal Mother's Danger
Is now no more, ſince all the Rival Princes
Are in the Hall beſet, and ev'n this Moment
Revenge and Slaughter are let looſe among 'em;
Haſte then to join your God-like Father's Arms,
To bring your pious Valour to his Aid,
And ſhare the Conqueſt and the Glory with him.

Tel Ha! Com'ſt thou from the Hall, *Antinous?*

Ant. Ev'n now, my Lord, as I was haſting hither
It was my Chance to meet my Royal Maſter;
Eager with Joy I threw me at his Feet,
With wond'rous Grace he rais'd me and embrac'd me.
Then bid me fly to bear his Orders to you.
By the loud Cries, the Shouts, and claſh of Arms,

Which,

Which, juſt as I had left him, ſtruck my Ear,
I gueſs e'er this, the Combat is begun.

Tel. Yes, yes, my Friend, that Danger of the Queen
Is now no more:——However be thou near
To guard her, to ſupport her, leſt the Terrors
Of this tumultuous, this moſt dreadful Night,
May ſhake her Soul:——I will obey the King,
And gladly loſe the Life he gave me, for him.
And ſince the Pleaſure of my Days is loſt,
Since my Youth's deareſt, only Hopes are croſs'd,
Careleſs of all, I'll ruſh into the War,
Provoke the lifted Sword and pointed Spear,
'Till all o'er Wounds I ſink amidſt the Slain,
And bleſs the friendly Hand that rids me of my Pain.
[*Exit* Tel.

Cleon. Behold, my Lord, and wonder here with us;
The *Samian* King!——

Ant. Eurymachus!——'Tis he;
Surpriſing Accident!——Whence came this Blow?
But 'tis no matter, ſince it makes for us,
Nor have we Time to waſte in vain Enquiry;
Let it ſuffice that we have loſt an Enemy.
Haſte to the Queen, my *Cleon*, and perſuade her
To ſeek her Safety with us in the City:
If ſhe refuſe, bear her away by Force.
Do you attend him.—— [*To the Soldiers.*

Arc. Had you ta'en my Counſel,
The Prince ſhou'd not have 'ſcap'd us.

Ant. Arcas, no!
A Life like his is but a ſingle Stake,
Unworthy the Contention it might coſt:
Gaining the Queen, I have whate'er I wiſh,
Fear of the *Samians* and the ſubtle King

Forbad my coming with a ſtronger Power,
Leſt they had ta'en th' Alarm, and turn'd upon us:
Therefore I held it ſafer by a Wile
To work upon the Youth, and ſend him hence,
And that way gain Admittance to his Mother.
Arc. Our *Ithacans*, who give the King for loſt,
Shall deem this Tale of his Return a Fable;
Or tho' they ſhou'd believe it, yet will join us,
And with united Arms aſſiſt your Cauſe.
Why do we linger then?———Heard you that Cry?
[*Cry of Women within.*
Succeſsful *Cleon*, of his Prey poſſeſs'd,
Leads us the Way, and haſtens to the City.
Ant. Come on, and let the crafty fam'd *Ulyſſes*
Repine and rage, by happier Frauds excell'd.
Let the forſaken Husband vainly mourn
His tedious Labours, and his late Return;
In vain to *Pallas* and to *Jove* complain,
That *Troy* and *Hector* are reviv'd again.
Poſſeſs'd, like happy *Paris*, of the Fair,
I'll lengthen out my Joys with Ten Years War,
And think the reſt of Life beneath a Lover's Care.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the City.*

Enter ſeverally Mentor *and* Eumæus.

Eum. WHere is the Joy, the Boaſt of Conqueſt now?
In vain we triumph o'er our foreign Tyrants,
So ſoon to periſh by domeſtick Foes.
Why ſhone the great *Ulyſſes* dreadful fierce
As *Mars*, and mighty as *Phlegræan Jove*?
Why reeks yon' Marble Pavement with the Slaughter
Of Rival Kings that fell beneath his Sword,
Victims to injur'd Honour and Revenge?
Since by the fatal Error of *Telemachus*,
The Prize for which we fought, the Queen, is loſt,
Is yielded up a Prey to falſe *Antinous*.

Men. He truſted in the holy Name of Friendſhip,
And, conſcious of his own Uprightneſs, thought
The Man whom he had plac'd ſo near his Heart
Had ſhar'd as well his Virtues as his Love.

Eum. How bears the Prince this Chance?

Men. Alas! *Eumæus*,
His Griefs have rent my aged Heart aſunder;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholſome Earth he lies,
Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the power to raiſe him;
Now motionleſs as Death his Eyes are fix'd,
And then anon he ſtarts and caſts 'em upwards,
And groaning, cries, I am th' accurſt of Heav'n,
My Mother! my *Semanthe*! and my Mother!

Eum. The King, whoſe equal Temper, like the Gods,
W'as ever calm and conſtant to it ſelf,
Struck with the ſudden, unexpected Evil,
Was mov'd to Rage, and chid him from his Sight.
But now returning to the Father's Fondneſs,
He bad me ſeek him out, ſpeak Comfort to him,
And bring him to his Arms.

Men. Where have you left
Our Royal Maſter?

Eum. Near the Palace-Gate,
Attended by thoſe few, thoſe faithful few,
Who dare be loyal at a time like this,
When ev'n their utmoſt Hope is but to die for him.

Men. That laſt Relief, that Refuge of Deſpair
Is all I fear is left us.——From the City
Each Moment brings the growing Danger nearer;
There's not a Man in *Ithaca* but arms;
A thouſand blazing Fires make bright the Streets,
Huge gabbling Crowds gather, and roul along
Like roaring Seas that enter at a Breach;
The neighb'ring Rocks, the Woods, the Hills, the Dales,
Ring with the deaf'ning Sound, while bold Rebellion
With impious Peals of Acclamation greets
Her trait'rous Chief *Antinous.*—— Where is then
One Glimpſe of Safety, when we hardly number
Our Friends a Twentieth Part of this fierce Multitude?

Eum. Yet more, the *Samians*, by whoſe Arms aſſiſted
We late prevail'd againſt the riotous Woers,
By ſome ſiniſter Chance have learnt the Fate
Of their dead Monarch, and call loud for Vengeance;
With cloudy Brows the ſullen Captains gather
In murm'ring Crouds round their weeping Princeſs,
As if they waited from her mournful Lips

The Signal for Deſtruction, from her Sorrows
Catching new Matter to encreaſe their Rage,
And vowing to repay her Tears with Blood.
But ſee ſhe comes attended with her Guard.——

Men. Retire, and let us haſte to ſeek the Prince:
This Danger threatens him: If he ſhou'd meet 'em,
His Piety would be repaid with Death;
Nor cou'd his Youth or God-like Courage ſave him,
Unequally oppreſs'd and cruſh'd by Numbers.

[*Exeunt* Mentor *and* Eumæus.

Enter two Samian *Captains, and Soldiers; ſome bearing the Body of* Eurymachus: Semanthe *following with Officers and Attendants.*

Sem. Ye valiant *Samian* Chiefs, ye faithful Followers
Of your unhappy King, juſtly perform
Your pious Office to his ſacred Relicks,
Bear to your Fleet his pale, his bloody Coarſe;
Nor let his diſcontented Ghoſt repine,
To think his injur'd Aſhes ſhall be mix'd
With the deteſted Earth of cruel *Ithaca.*

1 *Capt.* Oh, Royal Maid, whoſe Tears look lovely on thee,
Whoſe Cares the Gods ſhall favour and reward,
Queen of our *Samos* now, to whom we offer
Our humble Homage, to whoſe juſt Command
We vow Obedience, ſuffer not the Seaman
T'unfurl his Sails, or call the Winds to ſwell 'em,
'Till the fierce Soldier have indulg'd his Rage,
'Till from the curled Darlings of their Youth,
And from the faireſt of their Virgin-Daughters,
We've choſe a thouſand Victims for a Sacrifice,
T'appeaſe the *Manes* of our murther'd Lord.

Sem.

Sem. Now! now *Semanthe!* wilt thou name the Murth'rer?
Wilt thou direct their Vengeance where to ſtrike? [*Aſide.*
Oh, my ſad Heart!——Haſte to diſpoſe in Safety
Your venerable Load; and if you lov'd him,
If you remember what he once was to you,
How great, how good and gracious, yield this Proof
Of early Faith and Duty to his Daughter;
Reſtrain the Soldier's Fury, 'till I name
The Wretch by whom my Royal Father fell.
Let ſome attend the Body to the Shore,
The reſt be near, and wait me.——

[Exeunt *ſome with the Body; the reſt retire within the Scene, and wait as at a Diſtance.*

Enter at the other Door Telemachus.

Tel. Why was I born? why ſent into the World,
Ordain'd for miſchievous Miſdeeds, and fated
To be the Curſe of them that gave me Being?
Why was this Maſs ta'en from the Heap of Matter,
Where innocent and ſenſeleſs it had reſted,
To be indu'd with Form, and vex'd with Motion?
How happy had it been for all that know me,
If Barrenneſs had bleſs'd my Mother's Bed?
Nor had ſhe been diſhonoured then, nor loſt,
Nor curſt the fatal Hour in which ſhe bore me:
Love had not been offended for *Semanthe*,
Nor had that Fair One known a Father's Loſs.

Sem. What kind Companion of *Semanthe*'s Woes
Is that, who wand'ring in this dreadful Night
Sighs out her Name with ſuch a mournful Accent?
Ha!——but thou art *Telemachus*——let Darkneſs
Still ſpread her gloomy Mantle o'er thy Viſage,

And

And hide thee from thoſe weeping Eyes for ever.
Tel. Yes, veil thy Eyes, or turn 'em far from me,
For who can take Delight to gaze on Miſery?
Fly from the Moan, the Cry of the afflicted,
From the Complaining of a wounded Spirit,
Leſt my contagious Griefs take hold on thee,
And ev'ry Groan I utter pierce thy Heart.
Sem. Oh ſoft enchanting Sorrows! never was
The Voice of Mourning half ſo ſweet — oh who
Can liſten to the Sound, and not be mov'd,
Not bear a Part like me, and ſhare in all his Pain? [*Aſide.*
Tel. But if perhaps thy Fellow-Creature's Sufferings
Are grown a Pleaſure to thee, (for alas!
Much art thou alter'd) then in me behold
More than enough to ſatisfie thy Cruelty;
Behold me here the Scorn, the eaſie Prize
Of a proteſting, faithleſs, Villain Friend.
I have betray'd my Mother, I betray'd her,
Ev'n I, her Son, whom with ſo many Cares
She nurſt and fondled in her tender Boſom.
Wou'd I had dy'd before I ſaw this Day!
I left her, I forſook her in Diſtreſs,
And gave her to the Mercy of a Raviſher.
Sem. Yes, I have heard, with Grief of Mind redoubled,
The too hard Fortune of the pious Queen;
For her my Eyes inlarge and ſwell their Streams,
Tho' well thou know'ſt what Cauſe they had before,
To laviſh all their Tears: I pity her,
I mourn her injur'd Virtue; but for thee,
Whate'er the righteous Gods have made thee ſuffer,
Juſt is the Doom, and equal to thy Crimes.
Tel. 'Tis Juſtice all, and ſee I bow me down
With Patience and Submiſſion to the Blow.

Nor is it fit that ſuch a Wretch as I am
Should walk with Face erect upon the Earth,
And hold Society with Man —— oh therefore
Let me conjure thee by thoſe tender Ties
Which held us once, when I was dear to thee,
And thou to me, as Life to living Creatures,
Or Light and Heat to univerſal Nature,
The Comfort and Condition of its Being,
Compleat th' imperfect Vengeance of the Gods,
Call forth the valiant *Samians* to thy Aid,
Bid 'em ſtrike here, and here revenge———

Sem. Oh hold,
Stay thy raſh Tongue, nor let it ſpeak of Horrors
That may be fatal to———

Tel. What mean'ſt thou?

Sem. Something
For which I want a Name——Is there none near?
[*Looking about.*
No conſcious Ear to catch the guilty Sound?
None to upbraid my Weakneſs, call me Parricide,
And charge me as conſenting to the Murther?
For oh my Shame! my Shame! I muſt confeſs it,
Tho' Piety and Honour urg'd me on,
Tho' Rage and Grief had wrought me to Diſtraction,
I durſt not, cou'd not, wou'd not once accuſe thee.

Tel. And wherefore art thou merciful in vain?
Oh do not load me with that Burthen, Life,
Unleſs thou give me Love, to chear my Labours.
Tell me, *Semanthe*, is it, is it thus
The Bride and Bridegroom meet? Are Tears and Mourning,
This Bitterneſs of Grief, and theſe Lamentings,
Are theſe the Portion of our Nuptial Night?

Sem.

Sem. But thou, thou only didſt prevent the Joy,
'Tis thou haſt turn'd the Bleſſing to a Curſe;
Live therefore, live, and be, if it be poſſible,
As great a Wretch as thou haſt made *Semanthe.*

Tel. It ſhall be ſo, —— I will be faithful to thee,
For Days, for Months, for Years I will be miſerable,
Protract my Suffrings ev'n to hoary Age,
And linger out a tedious Life in Pain;
In ſpight of Sickneſs, and a broken Heart,
I will endure for Ages to obey thee.

Sem. Oh never ſhalt thou know Sorrows like mine,
Never deſpair, never be curs'd, as I am.
Yes I will open my afflicted Breaſt,
And ſadly ſhew thee ev'ry ſecret Pain.
Tho' Hell and Darkneſs with new Monſters teem,
Tho' Furies hideous to behold aſcend,
Toſs their infernal Flames, and yell around me;
Tho' my offended Father's angry Ghoſt
Shou'd riſe all pale and bloody juſt before me,
'Till my Hair ſtarted up, my Sight were blaſted,
And ev'ry trembling Fibre ſhook with Horror;
Yet——yet——oh yet I muſt confeſs I love thee!

Tel. Then let our envious Stars oppoſe in vain
Their baleful Influence, to thwart our Joys;
My Love ſhall get the better of our Fate,
Prevent the Malice of that hard Decree,
That ſeem'd to doom us to eternal Sorrows;
And yet in ſpight of all we will be happy.

Sem. Let not that vain, that faithleſs Hope deceive thee,
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis certainly decreed,
Fix'd as that Law by which Imperial *Jove,*
According to his Preſcience and his Pow'r,

Ordains

Ordains the Sons of Men to Good or Evil:
'Tis certain, ev'n our Love and all the Mis'ries
Which muſt attend that Love, are not more certain,
Than that this Moment we muſt part for ever.

Tel. How!——Part for ever?—— That's a way indeed
To make us Miſerable.----Is there none,
No other ſad Alternative of Grief,
No other Choice but this?----What, muſt we part for ever?

Sem. Oh ſigh not, nor complain----Is not thy Hand
Stain'd with my Father's Blood? Juſtice and Nature,
The Gods demand it, and we muſt obey:
Yes, I muſt go, the preſſing Minutes call me,
Where theſe fond Eyes ſhall never ſee thee more,
No more with languiſhing Delight gaze on thee,
Feed on thy Face, and fill my Heart with Pleaſure:
Where Day and Night ſhall follow one another,
Tedious alike and irkſome, and alike
Waſted in weary Lonelineſs and Weeping.

Tel. Here then, my Soul, take thy Farewel of Happineſs;
That and *Semanthe* fly together from thee:
Henceforth renounce all Commerce with the World,
Nor hear, nor ſee, nor once regard what paſſes.
Let mighty Kings contend, ambitious Youth
Arm for the Battel, Seaſons come and go;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, with their fruitful Pleaſures,
And Winter with its ſilver Froſt, let Nature
Diſplay in vain her various Pomp before thee,
'Tis wretched all, 'tis all not worth thy Care,
'Tis all a Wilderneſs without *Semanthe*.

Sem. One laſt, one guilty Proof, how much I love thee,
(Forgive it Gods!) *Ceraunus* and the *Samians*
Shall bring thee from me, e'er I part from *Ithaca*.
That done, I'll haſte, I'll fly, as I have ſworn
For thy lov'd ſake, far from the Sight of Man,
Fly to the pathleſs Wilds, and ſacred Shades,
Where *Dryads* and the Mountain-Nymphs reſort;
There beg the rural Deities to pity me,
To end my Woes, and let me on their Hills
Like *Cypariſſus* grow a mournful Tree;
Or melt like Weeping *Byblis* to a Fountain.

Tel. Since Fate divides us then, ſince I muſt loſe thee,
For Pity's ſake, for Love's, oh ſuffer me
Thus languiſhing, thus dying to approach thee,
And ſigh my laſt Adieu upon thy Boſom:
Permit me thus, to fold thee in my Arms,
To preſs thee to my Heart, to taſte thy Sweets,
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight,
Thus for my laſt of Moments gaze upon thee,
Thou beſt——thou only Joy——thou loſt *Semanthe!*

Sem. For ever I cou'd liſten——But the Gods,
The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember——oh remember me, *Telemachus!*
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no matter,
I will be true to thee, preſerve thee ever,
The ſad Companion of this faithful Breaſt,
While Life and Thought remain, and when at laſt
I feel the Icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-ſtrings break, and all my Senſes fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my cloſing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. [*Exit.*

Manet

Manet Telemachus.

Tel. And whither wilt thou wander, thou forlorn
Abandon'd Wretch!——The King thy Father comes,
Fly from his angry Frown—No matter whither,
Seek for the darkeſt Covert of the Night,
Seek out for Death, and ſee if that can hide thee,
If there be any Refuge thou canſt prove,
Safe from purſuing Sorrow, Shame, and anxious Love.
[*Exit.*

Enter Ulyſſes, Eumæus, *and Attendants.*

Ulyſſ. To doubt if there be Juſtice with the Gods,
Or if they care for ought below, were impious.
Oft have I try'd, and ever found 'em faithful,
In all the various Perils of my Life,
In Battels, in the midſt of flaming *Troy*,
In ſtormy Seas, in thoſe dread Regions where
Swarthy *Cimmerians* have their dark Abode,
Divided from this World, and Borderers on Hell;
Ev'n there the Providence of *Jove* was with me,
Defended, chear'd, and bore me thro' the Danger;
Nor is his Power, nor is my Virtue leſs,
That I ſhou'd fear this rude tumultuous Herd.

Eum. So feeble is our Band, ſo few our Friends,
We hope not Safety from our ſelves, but thee;
In thee our King we truſt, in thee thou Hero,
Favour'd of Heav'n, in all thy Wars victorious.
But ſee where proud Rebellion comes againſt thee,
[*Shout*
Securely fierce, and breathing bold Defiance;
Now let our Courage and our Faith be try'd,

And

And if, unequal to thy great Example,
We cannot conquer like thee, yet we can die for thee.

Shout; Drums and Trumpets: Then enter Antinous, Cleon *and Soldiers.*

Ant. What bold Invader of our Laws, and Freedom,
Uſurps the Sacred Name of King of *Ithaca*?
Who dares to play the Tyrant in our State,
And in deſpight of hoſpitable *Jove*,
Defames our Iſland with the Blood of Strangers?

Ulyſſ. Have you forgot me then, you Men of *Ithaca*?
Did I for this, amongſt the *Gracian* Heroes,
Go forth to Battel in my Country's Cauſe?
Have I by Arms, and by ſucceſsful Counſels,
Deſerv'd a Name from *Aſia*'s wealthy Shores,
Ev'n to the Weſtern Ocean, to thoſe Bounds
That mark the great *Alcides*' utmoſt Labours,
And am I yet a Stranger here---- at home?

Ant. And wherefore didſt thou leave thoſe diſtant Nations,
Through which thy Name and mighty Deeds were ſpread?
We never ſought to know thee, and now known
Regard thee not, unleſs it be to puniſh
Thy Violation of our publick Peace.

Ulyſſ. And doſt thou dare, doſt thou, audacious Slave,
Thou raſh Miſleader of this giddy Crowd,
Doſt thou preſume to match thy ſelf with me,
To judge between a Monarch and his People?
If Heav'n had not appointed me thy Maſter,
Yet it had made me ſomething more than thou art,
Then when it had made me what I am----*Ulyſſes.*

Ant.

Ant. Then be *Ulyſſes*! Eccho it again,
And ſee what Homage theſe will pay the Sound;
[*Pointing to the Soldiers.*
Tell 'em the Story of your *Trojan* Wars,
How *Hector* drove you headlong to the Shore,
And threw his hoſtile Fires amidſt your Fleet;
Then mark with what Applauſe they will receive thee.
Say, Countrymen, will you revenge the Princes
This Wanderer has ſlain, and join with me?

Omnes. Antinous! Antinous!

Ant. What of your Monarch?

Omnes. Drive him out to Baniſhment.

Ulyſſ. Were there no Gods in Heav'n, or were they careleſs,
And *Jove* had long forgot to wield his Thunder,
And dart Deſtruction down on Crimes like thine;
Yet, Traitor, hope not thou to 'ſcape from Juſtice,
Nor let rebellious Numbers ſwell thy Pride;
For know, *Ulyſſes* is alone ſufficient
To puniſh thee, and on thy perjur'd Head
Revenge the Wrongs of Love and injur'd Majeſty.

Ant. And ſee I ſtand prepar'd to meet thy Vengeance;
Exert thy Kingly Pow'r, and ſummon all
Thy uſeful Arts and Courage to thy Aid;
And ſince thy faithful *Diomede* is abſent,
Since valiant *Ajax*, with his Sevenfold Shield,
No more ſhall interpoſe 'twixt thee and Danger,
Invoke thoſe friendly Gods whoſe Care thou art,
And let them ſave thee; now aſſert thy Cauſe,
And render back to thy deſpairing Arms

The

The beauteous Queen, whom in deſpight of them
And thee this happy Night I made my Prize.

Ulyſſ. Hear this, ye Gods! He triumphs in the Rape,
Moſt glorious Villain!————But we pauſe too long;
On then, and tempt our Fate, my gallant Friends,
From this Defier of the Gods, this Monſter,
Let us redeem my Queen, or die together:
And, equal to our great Forefather's Fame,
Deſcend and join thoſe Demy-Gods of *Greece*,
Who with their blood enrich'd the *Dardan* Plains,
To vindicate a Husband's ſacred Right.

Shout: Then enter Arcas *wounded.*

Ant. What means that ſudden Thunder-clap of Tumult?
Art thou not *Arcas*?——Thou art faint and bloody.

Arc. I have paid you the laſt Office of my Friendſhip;
Scarce have I Breath enough to ſpeak your Danger:
The furious *Samians*, led by young *Telemachus*,
Reſiſtleſs, fierce, and bearing all before 'em,
Have from the Caſtle forc'd the captive Queen;
Fir'd with Succeſs, they drive our fainting Troops,
And hither urge their Way with threatning Cries,
Loudly demanding your devoted Head,
A juſt Atonement for their murther'd Lord.

Ulyſſ. Celeſtial Pow'rs! ye Guardians of the Juſt!
This wond'rous Work is yours, and yours be all the Praiſe.

Ant. Confuſion!——Wherefore didſt not thou proclaim
My Innocence, and warn them of their Error?

Arc. Behold theſe Wounds, through which my parting Soul

Is haſting forth, and judge my Truth by them.
Whate'er I cou'd I urg'd in thy Defence,
But all was vain; with clamorous Impatience
They broke upon my Speech, and ſwore 'twas falſe.
Their Queen, the fair *Semanthe*, had accus'd thee,
And fix'd her Royal Father's Death on thee.
If any Way be left yet, haſte and fly;
Th' inconſtant faithleſs *Ithacans* join with 'em,
And all is loſt----What dearer Pledge than Life
Can Friendſhip ask! Behold I give it for thee.

[*Dies.* [*Shout.*

Ulyſſ. They come, Succeſs and Happineſs attend us,
Pallas and my victorious Son fight for us.

Ant. Thou and thy Gods at laſt have got the better.

[*To* Ulyſſes.

Yet know I ſcorn to fly; that great Ambition,
That bid me firſt aſpire to Love and Empire,
Still brightly burns, and animates my Soul.
Be true, my Sword, and let me fall reveng'd,
And I'll forgive ill Fortune all beſides.

[Ulyſſes, Antinous, *and their Parties fight.*

Enter Telemachus, Ceraunus, *and* Samian *Soldiers, they join* Ulyſſes, *and drive* Antinous, Cleon, *and the reſt off the Stage. Then enter at one Door* Ulyſſes, *at the other the Queen,* Mentor *and Attendants.*

Ulyſſ. My Queen! My Love! [*Embracing.*

Qu. My Hero! My *Ulyſſes!*
Once more thou art reſtor'd, once more I hold thee,
At length the Gods have prov'd us to the utmoſt,
Are ſatisfy'd with what we have endur'd,
And never will afflict nor part us more.
'Tis not in Words to tell thee what I've felt,

The

The Sorrows and the Fears, ev'n yet I tremble;
Ev'n yet the fierce *Idea's* ſhock my Soul,
And hardly yield to Wonder and to Joy.

Men. A Turn ſo happy, and ſo unexpected,
None but thoſe over-ruling Pow'rs who caus'd it,
Cou'd have foreſeen: The beauteous *Samian* Princeſs,
Within whoſe gentle Breaſt, Revenge and Tenderneſs
Long ſtrove, and long maintain'd a doubtful Conflict,
At length was vanquiſh'd by prevailing Love;
And happily to ſave the Prince, imputed
To falſe *Antinous*, her Father's Death;
Heav'n has approv'd the Fraud of fond Affection,
The juſt Deceit, a Falſhood fair as Truth,
Since 'tis to that alone we owe your Safety.

Enter Telemachus.

Tel. Here let me kneel, and with my Tears atone
[*Kneeling.*
The raſh Offences of my heedleſs Youth,
[Ulyſſ. *raiſes him.*
Here offer the firſt Trophies of my Sword,
And once more hail my Father King of *Ithaca*.
Antinous, the Rebel Faction's Chief,
Is now no more, and your repenting People
Wait with united Homage to receive you;
The Strangers too, to whom we owe our Conqueſt,
Haſte to embark, and ſet their ſwelling Sails
To bear the ſad *Semanthe* back to *Samos*;
Joy like the chearful Morning dawns on all,
And none but your unhappy Son ſhall mourn.

Ulyſſ. Like thee the Pangs of parting Love I've known,

My

My Heart like thine has bled———But oh! my Son,
Sigh not, nor of the common Lot complain,
Thou that art born a Man, art born to Pain;
For Proof, behold my tedious twenty Years
All ſpent in Toil, and exercis'd in Cares:
'Tis true, the gracious Gods are kind at laſt,
And well reward me here for all my Sorrows paſt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.